

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

No. 443.

NEW SERIES.

No. 53.

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine.

MAY, 1901.



PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON :
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND Co.
BALTIMORE: JOHN MURPHY AND Co.
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO: BENZIGER BROTHERS.

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The Royal Declaration.

SO much has been said and written on the subject of the notorious Declaration exacted from our monarchs at their accession, that it may appear superfluous to discuss the topic once more. There are, however, I venture to think, some aspects under which it has not received the attention it deserves.

In extenuation of the brutally offensive character of the language, which no one would seem to deny, and very few to approve, it has been urged by various writers that we should not forget the circumstances of its origin and the bitter experiences fresh in the memories of its authors. They had but narrowly escaped, it is said, from the threatened tyranny of King James II. They had made practical proof of the intolerable hardships inevitable under the rule of a Popish Sovereign. Therefore were they laudably determined that no such danger should recur again; and if to secure this end they went somewhat rudely to work, we should be slow to meddle with a formula the very violence of which bears eloquent witness to their political earnestness and sagacity.

This ingenious plea, although at first sight it may appear to carry with it some historical weight, is in reality altogether wide of the mark. It is true indeed that the imposition of this test upon the Sovereign dates from the Revolution of 1688, and the Act of Settlement; but those who imposed it did but employ a weapon they found ready-made to their hand; and the history of its making stamps it with a character widely different from that with which apologists would invest it. The document in fact bears witness, not to the dread awakened by experience of Popish rule, but to a long-standing determination, relentlessly followed up, that Catholics should be made pariahs in the land, and debarred from all share in public life. If this be so, it will not be easy to invest it with any shred of dignity, or even of respectability.

The first project of a declaration directed against the most cherished beliefs of Catholics, to be used as a test against them, dates back to days long previous to those when there was even any dream of a Popish succession. In 1643, delegates from the Parliament visiting Charles I. at Oxford (Feb. 1st), proposed certain "Humble Decrees and Propositions of the Lords and Commons," as a basis of possible agreement between the King and his subjects now in arms against him. Almost at the head of these articles (No. 5), stood the following :

"That an Oath may be established by an Act of Parliament . . . wherein they shall abjure and renounce the Pope's supremacy, the doctrine of Transubstantiation, Purgatory, worship of the Consecrated Host, crucifixes, and images; and the refusing the said Oath . . . shall be a sufficient conviction in law of Recusancy."¹

The prominence given to this scheme for the exclusion of Catholics from every kind of employment, sufficiently indicates how dear it was to a powerful section of the popular party, and although the Oxford negotiations came to nothing, this shrewd device was certainly not forgotten.

Thirty years later, measures were successfully taken to make it practical, in connection with the piece of legislation commonly spoken of as the Test Act. On the 12th of March, 1673, a Bill "To prevent the growth of Popery" was read a third time in the House of Commons, on which occasion a Mr. Harwood tendered a proviso "for renouncing the doctrine of Transubstantiation, for a further Test to persons bearing Office." The Bill with the Amendments passed; the title was, "An Act for preventing dangers that may happen by Popish Recusants;" being in fact the aforesaid Test Act. The form of the Declaration against Transubstantiation therein prescribed was comparatively simple, and devoid of the more objectionable features afterwards introduced. It ran thus :

"I, A.B., do declare, That I believe that there is not any Transubstantiation in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or in the elements of bread and wine, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever."²

This was all. Yet at the time it would seem, if we may judge from the records we have, to have made far more

¹ Vide *Rushworth's Collections*, part iii. vol. ii. p. 166.

² Cobbett's *Parliamentary History*; *Journals of the House of Commons*.

sensation, and excited more attention, than the enlarged and opprobrious edition succeeded afterwards in doing.

But what is of most importance is to ascertain, so far as this may now be possible, what motives led to the introduction of a measure which many Members of Parliament evidently regarded with much suspicion, as being both novel and dangerous. On this point the contemporary historian, Archdeacon Echard, writes with remarkable *naïveté*:

The Popish party had rendered themselves formidable by obtaining many places of honour, profit, and trust; but now a Bill was depending that would certainly throw them out of all, and secure all places to those of the Church of England alone. This was called the Test Act, which was particularly promoted, if not invented by the Earl of Shaftesbury. . . . By this Act it was provided that all persons bearing any office . . . should take the oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance, . . . and likewise make and subscribe this following Declaration, "I, A. B.," &c.

We find nothing to intimate that this Test proved ineffectual for its purpose; certainly no Catholic could take it without denying his faith. But there was a powerful party which evidently could not rest till they had not only debarred the luckless Papists from public employment, but branded them with a note of infamy to boot. Accordingly, in 1678,¹ there were tacked on to the previous Declaration the wholly gratuitous flourishes about idolatry and superstition, along with the silly protestations concerning equivocation and mental reservation, protestations which if the person making them is an honest man, are grossly insulting, and if he is not, are utterly futile.

There can be no doubt that in the mind of those who chiefly promoted this measure the great object was to affect not only such offices as can be filled by subjects, but even the throne itself, by the exclusion of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., from the succession. It is true that a special clause in the Act excepted him by name from its operation; but this proviso was carried altogether contrary to expectation, and by

¹ It is not altogether easy to determine dates. According to the *Statutes at Large* (Pickering's Edition), the Act "For the more effectual preservation of the King's person and government," with the enlarged Declaration, was passed "Anno 1677, 30^o Caroli." This description can be applied to no period but Jan. 30—March 24, 1677, O.S., or 1678, N.S. But this Bill certainly received the Royal Assent Nov. 30, 1678.

the narrow majority of two votes,¹ and there can be little doubt that it was entirely owing to the unexpected firmness which Charles II., usually so weak and yielding, displayed when the rights of his brother came into question. This point is obviously of importance as indicating that the Declaration was already regarded at this period as a suitable instrument for the very purpose to which a few years later it was put. Of the fixed resolve to exclude the Duke entertained by Shaftesbury and his following there can be no possible doubt. From the records of the House of Commons it is clear that they would have done something to secure this object at an earlier date, had they not found by experience that the Upper House would bar the way. When Titus Oates came on the scene with his "Popish Plot," advantage was taken of the excitement thus created which, it was hoped, would float any measure of the kind safely through. An authority so little open to suspicion as Bishop Burnet tells us² that the numerous executions then taking place were generally imputed to Lord Shaftesbury, who "drove them on in hopes that some one or other, to save himself, would have accused the Duke."

This connection would appear to explain the distinctively virulent and aggressive character of the Declaration in its new shape. It bears the stamp not only of the time, but moreover of the men who are known to have been in Shaftesbury's employ, and to have used their pens in the service of the Plot, such, for instance, as Israel Tonge and Robert Ware. In their published writings may easily be recognized the same tone, both of thought and language, which stamps the Declaration. There is in the first place a furious hatred of the Sacrament of the Eucharist and the Mass, coupled with an evident dread of their toleration under any circumstances upon English soil. There is, likewise, a fear, real or affected, of slippery devices of Papists to evade whatever engagements they may be induced to undertake. Thus Tonge puts it at the very head of his *Jesuitical Aphorisms*: "That the leagues and agreements made about matters of religion are of no value, though they are ratified and confirmed by oath." Ware goes into the business at greater length, and with more thoroughness. Having to admit the fact that Cranmer, who at his Consecration having to take an oath of fealty to the Pope with

¹ Sir John Reresby's *Memoirs*.

² *History of his own times*, ii. 220 (Edit. 1823).

an unequivocal acknowledgment of his supremacy, made previously in the Chapter House a protestation that he did not intend to be bound by what he was about to swear, so far as it conflicted with "the rights of the Crown," Ware endeavours to make capital out of even so discreditable an episode, against the other side. Cranmer, he tells us,¹ "did not use his protestation in any secret or concealed manner like to equivocating Papists, which take oaths in absolute words, and yet delude them with mental reservations."

Ware has also an extraordinary, and quite apocryphal, story, how in the time of Henry VIII. Stephen Gardiner, Bonner, and other prelates, though Catholics at heart, resolved to take the Oath of Supremacy on the ground, as they explained to the Pope, that they would thus be enabled to assist the cause of the Church to much better effect. He adds that Paul III. highly approved and commended the course they had thus adopted. It may also be remembered that in the notorious Oath of Secrecy discussed in our last number, Robert Ware introduced a disclaimer of mental reservation and equivocation, much as it makes its appearance in the Declaration.

On the whole, therefore, it seems not improbable, to say the least, that this is the school to which this work of art is to be traced. But a farther question at once presents itself. Whence this anxiety, genuine or assumed, about possible evasions? Had those who prepared the document any facts before them to serve as a warning on this head, and so to suggest the multiplication of precautions?

To such questions it must be answered that there certainly were instances of no very remote date to show that some persons would freely take oaths by which, at the very time of taking them, they had no intention of being bound; but these instances are not to be sought in the quarter in which they might perhaps be expected. We have already had occasion to mention the conduct of Cranmer on occasion of his Consecration. Of him it is also related that after administering the Coronation Oath

¹ *Hunting of the Romish Fox.* It need scarcely be said that Ware's account is contrary to the facts of the case. Cranmer made his protestation before certain witnesses privately assembled for the purpose. See the evidence in Lingard, v. 7 (Edit. 1883). Cranmer afterwards endeavoured to excuse himself as having been instigated by laudable motives. Pole replied: "To what did this serve but to be forsworn before you did swear? Other perjurers be wont to break their oath after they have sworn; you brake it before."

to Edward VI., he explained to the young King that nothing he had sworn bound or could bind him to anything Popish, this being contrary to the Law of God. It is true that this story, though told by Strype, rests entirely on the authority of our friend Robert Ware, and accordingly can scarcely be true; but at least it shows what ideas were entertained by men of the school of which we have spoken, on account of which they might naturally accuse others of conduct like that which they approved and belauded when practised on their own side.

But the most signal and indubitable instance of an oath so taken, is that afforded by Queen Elizabeth, who at her Coronation not only swore to maintain the Catholic Church, the ceremony taking place according to the Catholic rite during High Mass, but in confirmation of her promise received Holy Communion as a Catholic; while undoubtedly, even if we do not accept all the stories told of her conduct on the occasion, her mind was fully made up to proscribe the Church and abolish altar and Sacrifice. This was on January 15th, 1558. Four months later, May 25th, in swearing to observe the Treaty of Cateau Cambresis, she solemnly declared that she pledged her royal word, "on the faith of a monarch professing the Catholic and Apostolic Faith, amidst the rites of the Church, and in presence of the Holy Gospels."¹

It appears, therefore, that the Declaration imposed upon our Sovereigns cannot be said to have had its origin in any instinct of self-defence, but that, on the contrary, it was devised for offensive purposes, when the fortunes of English Catholics were at the lowest, by men who thought it intolerable that any hope should be left to them of recovering the rights of citizenship;—that in all probability it owes its shape to one of the most unscrupulous and unprincipled gangs that have dishonoured our history;—and that if any apprehensions were really entertained by those who fenced their Test round with such elaborate defences, it would seem to have been lest those who had been the victims of so much deceit should attempt to retaliate in kind.

JOHN GERARD, S.J.

¹ Paris, *Ministère des Affaires Etrangères*; Angleterre, *Correspondance Officielle*, vol. xix. f. 320.

*Fra Angelico.*¹

IF the principles regarding art in general, and sacred art in particular, which have recently been put forward in the pages of THE MONTH be accepted as approximately true, then it must be admitted, we think, that no man has approached more nearly to the ideal of a consummate master in the highest branch of art than Guido da Vicchio, who became famous as Giovanni da Fiesole, and is now more commonly known as Fra Angelico. Others have surpassed him in technical skill; some few among the great multitude of religious artists may have equalled him in piety; individual works of other masters may be equal or superior in merit even to Fra Angelico's best; but taking his productions as a whole, and comparing them with the output of any other master of whatsoever age, the supremacy among religious painters as such must, we think, be adjudged to him. And if this praise be deemed excessive, it is at least true that he stands in the very front rank of religious artists, and that his works deserve to be very carefully studied. The recent appearance of Mr. Langton Douglas's monograph, entitled *Fra Angelico*, with its very beautiful and comprehensive series of photographic reproductions of the works of the great Dominican artist, has made it both possible and opportune to deal with the subject in some detail.

Not that we are by any means entirely in sympathy with all the utterances of Mr. Douglas. We frankly resent the somewhat supercilious fashion in which he speaks of the relation of art to religion, as, for instance, when he tells us, in his Introduction, that "most people . . . having no love of [Art] for her own sake, are content that she should always occupy an ancillary position;" and that "painting they regard merely as a means for imparting religious instruction, for telling a story, or for recording a scientific or historical fact;" as if—

¹ *Fra Angelico*. By Langton Douglas. London: George Bell and Sons.

after all—a more honourable rôle could be assigned to art than that of consecrating some of man's highest and noblest endowments to the service of the divine giver of all good gifts. *Ecce ancilla Domini!* was Mary's reply to the stupendous message of the Angel; and with that example before our eyes, and those words ever ringing in our ears, we surely have no reason to grumble—lovers of art though we be—at the “ancillary position” of the object of our admiration or the pursuit of our choice. So, too, we resent the following words, which have more than once been quoted by the reviewers, and which may be regarded as in some sense striking the key-note of the whole book.

The Dominican painter . . . was not merely a saint—a saint with a happy knack of illustration. His paintings are no mere religious pictographs. He was above all else an artist—an artist to his very finger-tips, who carried about in one body two temperaments which are usually supposed to have but little in common, and which indeed are not often found inhabiting the same frame—the artistic and the saintly. But he was primarily an artist—an artist who happened to be a saint.¹

We resent the words because they may so easily be taken as implying—and possibly were meant to imply—that to be a saint is a matter of small moment by comparison with the possession of the artistic faculty. And yet perhaps, after all, it is not meant; and it must be admitted that the epigrammatic phrase employed by Mr. Douglas may be taken as merely implying a truth on which, both as a general maxim and in its special application to Fra Angelico, it is of some importance to insist. To be a saint is more, in the sight of God and of right-thinking men, than to be an artist. But whereas sanctity depends, under God's grace, upon the human will, the artistic temperament or faculty is not within the reach of all who wish, however earnestly, to attain to it. Nor will holiness of life compensate for lack of skill with the pencil or the brush. The saint, no less than the sinner, must mix his colours with brains. His piety does not dispense the pious artist from the necessity of going through the drudgery of his craft. Rather it will impel him, for the sake of the Divine Master whom He serves, to undertake this drudgery *con amore*. And this, it cannot be doubted, Fra Angelico did, all legends to the contrary notwithstanding. To any sensible person this might have

¹ Douglas, p. 4.

seemed so much a matter of course that it is hard to understand how it can ever have been doubted; nor do we feel by any means assured that Vasari's account of Fra Angelico was intended to imply that he did not take the natural means to become proficient in his art. But whether any one ever believed this or not, at any rate, Mr. Langton Douglas has clearly shown, by a careful comparison of Fra Angelico's works with those of his contemporaries, that the Dominican artist was in the fullest sense abreast of his times, and that he was keenly alive to the progress in technical methods which was going on around him, and sympathetically open to contemporary influences of various kinds. All this however, it is possible to believe without calling in question the statement of Vasari, that "the saints whom Fra Angelico painted have more of the aspect of saintship than any others;" and again, that ("as is said") "Fra Giovanni never took a brush in his hand until he had first offered a prayer; nor did he paint a 'Crucifixion' without tears streaming down his cheeks; and both in the faces and attitudes of his figures it is easy to find proof of his sincere and deep devotion to the religion of Christ." Indeed, Mr. Douglas himself has written, in the very same paragraph of which we have already quoted the concluding words, that

in justice . . . it must be admitted that the scientific study of [Fra Angelico's] artistic achievement, and research amongst such contemporary records as are likely to throw light upon his career . . . confirm on the whole the traditional story—so far as it goes. Its main fault lies not in its inaccuracy, but in its inadequacy. It keeps back more than half the truth.¹

And although there be no positive contradiction between Vasari's statements and those of Mr. Langton Douglas, the latter critic has done good service in laying stress on the purely human and natural means which Fra Angelico employed in order to achieve the success which attended his efforts. It is not true holiness of life, but only a sentimental kind of pietism, which leads people into the error of imagining that they can become eminent in any branch of knowledge or of skill without taking the same kind of trouble which is taken for the same purpose by "the children of this world."

The very first point to be kept in mind by any one who

¹ Douglas, *ibid.*

would enter upon a serious study of the artistic work of Fra Angelico is the circumstance—most unfortunate for his reputation—that the works by which he is most familiarly known are by no manner of means his best. Of those who have been interested in Herr Julius Schmidt's reproductions of Florentine paintings by a new process of colour printing from wood engravings, a series which has been most perseveringly advertised in this country by the Art and Book Company, many must have regretted, in common with the present writer, that Fra Angelico should be represented chiefly by the well-known twelve Angels, the "Purple Angel with Lily," the "Green Angel with Mandoline," and the rest, as if forsooth these productions were among the noblest achievements of the artist. As a simple matter of fact, they are merely a portion of the adornment of the frame of one of the earliest of his Madonnas, the Madonna dei Linajuoli. Of these angels, Mr. Douglas expresses his opinion in language more than sufficiently emphatic.

These figures [he writes], which hold so high a place in popular estimation, are artistically contemptible. They deserve, in fact, all that daring critics have said about them. For they are nothing more than "celestial dolls, flat as paper, stuck fast to their gold frames." To any one who knows how consummate was Fra Angelico's power of rendering form when he is at his best, it is surprising that even in a moment of weakness he should have given to the world such inferior stuff as this is. That he did so is the more to be wondered at when we call to mind other angels painted by the same artist which are as satisfying to the artistic sense as these are disappointing and grievous. [For instance, those of the Madonna of Perugia, figured by Mr. Douglas at p. 68.] . . . But it is just these figures in all their inane prettiness that the public have chosen to regard as his most characteristic works. Vulgar copies of them, flatter and more formless than their flat original, are displayed to view in the shop windows of every second-rate picture-dealer. They are repeated *ad nauseam* on Christmas cards and almanacks. Reproductions of them are to be seen in the boudoirs of countless ladies who desire to be thought persons of taste and sensibility. Popular preachers make allusion to "their paradisiacal forms and faces" when they desire to give an air of connoisseurship to a rhetorical period. And so it has come about that to most people they are symbols of Fra Angelico's artistic virtues.¹

Now, without endorsing every word of this somewhat vehement indictment, we may safely say that, even if the

¹ Douglas, pp. 8, 9.

twelve angels were as technically perfect as they are in fact feeble, they would be no fair representatives of the work of a great master of religious art. Before a painter can be distinguished by such a title he must show that he can do something better than accessory and quasi-decorative work of this kind. And what great painter, before or since, has ever been judged by his picture-frames? It is, indeed, no wonder that, in view of these specimens of his art, the impression should have prevailed that Fra Angelico was a painter greatly wanting in masculine vigour, and more skilled in the invention of graceful fancies than in the artistic expression of strong emotion or of decided character; or, as Mr. Douglas prefers to phrase it, that "Fra Angelico occupied much the same position as certain estimable writers of religious poems and religious tales have held in the literature of the Victorian era."

Of Fra Angelico's birth and parentage nothing more is known than that he was born at Vicchio, in the valley of the Mugello, in 1387, and that he received the name of Guido, his father's name being Pietro. Surname he very probably had none, and he was known after the fashion of the time only by the place of his birth as Guido da Vicchio. Of his early life, down to the time of his entrance into the Dominican Order in 1407, no record has been preserved, but something may at least be conjectured with a probability almost amounting to certainty. Since it was not till he had reached the age of twenty that Guido became a postulant in the Convent of S. Domenico, at Fiesole, it may fairly be concluded that, like Savonarola, more than half a century later, he had not from the outset intended to embrace the religious life; and, judging from his early proficiency as a painter, it can hardly be doubted that "he passed his youth in some artist's *bottega*, presumably at Florence," and that "in his youth, before entering the cloister, he must have had a thorough professional training under some master who was a competent exponent of the mysteries of tempera painting."¹ Who his master was, however, and in particular whether he was, as has been too confidently asserted, Gherardo Starnina, is a question on which it is safest to avow, with Mr. Douglas, the most complete uncertainty, or rather ignorance. "The intelligent layman will have more faith in their knowledge," he shrewdly says, when critical historians of art "shall have learned to say

¹ Douglas, pp. 16, 17.

sometimes, 'I don't know.'"¹ In the present case, all that we can say is that Guido had been to some extent influenced (1) by "the *botteghe* of the disciples of the Gaddi;" (2) by the miniaturists, especially those forming a branch of the Camaldolese School of Sta. Maria degli Angeli; and (3), by "the group of young sculptors, Jacopo della Quercia, Brunelleschi, and Donatello, who were destined to fashion the most perfect art-works of the Quattrocento; but that, with all allowance for such influences, he must be reckoned as a pioneer in a new artistic movement."² As a concrete and verifiable instance of the operation of such an influence, may be mentioned the fact that Fra Angelico, from the outset of his career, adopted the method, recently introduced by the Camaldolese, Lorenzo Monaco, of using fine parallel lines of white, laid upon the ground colour of a garment, to mark the "high lights," instead of following the old plan of using three vases of pigment ready mixed, in different proportions, with *biacca*.³

Indeed, Fra Angelico seems to have gone rather too far, at least, in the opinion of Mr. Douglas, in the direction of laying down only the ground colours *in buon fresco*, and of afterwards working over them in *tempera à secco*. A curious and quite accidental result of the adoption of this method on a large scale is seen in the strange red background of the great "Crucifixion" at S. Marco. The red is neither introduced as a "symbolical" colour, nor is it the addition of some unwise restorer; it is simply the normal ground colour of a fresco which has been left unfinished. It underlies the blue tempera in which others of Fra Angelico's skies are painted. Far more important, however, in its effect on the future of young Guido da Vicchio than anything which he heard or saw in Florentine art schools or social and literary circles, was the preaching of Fra Giovanni Domenici, afterwards honoured as one of the *Beati* of the Order of Preachers. This zealous and holy friar, alarmed at the paganizing tendencies which he already discerned in the inchoate Renaissance, had set on foot a reform of the Dominican Order, closely analogous to that which Savonarola was afterwards to initiate; and, like Savonarola, he earnestly sought

¹ Douglas, p. 19. As a sample of our ignorance he points out that the names of more than 220 painters have been preserved, who worked at Siena in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but to none of whom can so much as one single extant work be definitely assigned. Not (presumably) because all their works have perished, but simply because—*we don't know*.

² P. 20.

³ Pp. 22, 23.

recruits among the youth of Florence. "It was this new teacher—himself a lover of art, and a friend of artists, who led Fra Angelico to devote himself to the religious life." This he did, as has been said, in the Convent of S. Domenico, at Fiesole, of which Sant' Antonino, the future Archbishop of Florence, was then an inmate. He made his novitiate, however, at Cortona, and the earlier years of his religious life appear to have been spent chiefly in that city, and at Foligno. To both these places in turn the brethren of S. Domenico had been compelled to retire by reason of their fidelity to Gregory XII., the Florentines being adherents of Alexander V., recently elected by the Council of Pisa. In 1418, they were able to return to Fiesole, and here Fra Angelico remained till 1436-7, when a section of the community, with S. Antonino for their Prior, migrated to S. Marco. At S. Marco, he lived and worked from 1437 to 1447, when he was called to Rome by Eugenius IV., and on the death of that Pope, was employed by his successor, Nicholas V., until his death in 1455.

The prospect held out by Mr. Langton Douglas of being able to throw fresh light on the chronological sequence of Fra Angelico's works is one that might at first seem calculated to be of little interest except to experts. It might, perhaps, be thought that most of us ought to be satisfied to know that such or such a painting really came from his brush, or even to be content to admire a beautiful painting irrespectively of its authorship. *Non quis dicat, sed quid dicatur, attende*, is a warning or a maxim which has its very obvious application in the domain of art no less than in that of literature. But, like other maxims, it is liable to be fallaciously applied; and it should be understood in no narrow sense. For, just as it is sometimes necessary to know who said a thing, and under what circumstances it was said, in order to understand the full force and the precise purport of the saying, so, to know the authorship and the date of a work of art is of no little help to the forming of a right appreciation of its value. If there is anything to be learned from the works of a great master in any craft, the presumption is in favour of the products of his matured genius rather than of his earlier essays; and where we are able to follow step by step the course of his development, or even, it may be, of his decadence, whatever lessons he has to teach will come to us with a more explicit meaning.

It is a curious and instructive circumstance, and one which

illustrates the unforeseen bearings of one branch of knowledge upon another, that the surest indications of the approximate dates of Fra Angelico's paintings (where external testimony is wanting) are to be found in certain accessories, and more especially in the architectural setting which he so often introduces into his pictures. Once this key to the problem is grasped, it becomes a comparatively easy matter to trace, for instance, the progress from the Gothic framework of his earliest "Annunciation" to the Corinthian columns of his Cortona picture of the same subject, from these again to the imperfect classical entablature of the Madonna di Annalena, and thenceforward to the full entablature with cornice, festooned frieze, and architrave of the Madonna di S. Marco. It is not merely that the points of difference mark an advance from an earlier to a later period; but in more than one case the actual sculptural prototypes of Fra Angelico's canopies, which are in fact works of Brunelleschi or of Michelozzi, can be positively dated, and thus a *terminus a quo* can be established, before which the particular paintings cannot be placed. This, of course, is only a single illustration of the method of investigation pursued by Mr. Douglas; and we have no intention of following him through the sometimes elaborate yet always interesting arguments by which he has, as we think, satisfactorily restored the chronological sequence of the works of Fra Angelico. But it seemed worth while to point out that in arriving at his conclusions on this point the latest writer on the subject has not been guided merely by those instinctive perceptions which, however true they may happen to be, may be described as having no negotiable value, at least until they have been confirmed by the common consensus of experts and of art critics.

Assuming then, that Mr. Douglas is right in his approximate dating of the works of the holy artist, we may proceed to compare, in the case of some of his favourite themes, his earlier with his later productions.

(1) *The Annunciation*.—Of this subject there are at least six extant examples which claim Fra Angelico for their author. Of these we may select three for comparative study. The first is a panel painting (about 5 ft. by 6 ft.), originally executed for the Church of S. Domenico at Cortona, and now preserved at the Gesù in the same city. The second is a rather larger panel (6 ft. 3 in. by 6 ft. 3 in.) in the Prado Gallery at Madrid. The third is the well known fresco in the upper corridor

of S. Marco. As regards the two principal figures, the general idea is the same in all three. Mary seated on a low stool, with an open book on her knee, and her hands crossed over her bosom, receives with an inclination of reverence the Angel's greeting. Facing her is Gabriel, who makes obeisance to her as he delivers his message. But in conjunction with these features, which are common to all three pictures, there are certain points of difference which a little examination is sufficient to reveal. Turning our attention first to the Angel, there are three or four particulars in which the Cortona figure approaches, if indeed it does not actually reach, the highest attainable perfection, and compares very favourably with the Prado and the S. Marco paintings. The profile of the Angel's face exhibits an ideal beauty which is distinctly wanting in the later examples. The face of the Prado Gabriel is too markedly individual; it is the face of a lad whom the friar has seen about the convent or in the streets of Florence, a face that would make a very pleasing portrait, but hardly a type of that spiritualized human beauty by which alone the angelic nature is fitly symbolized. And the nose of the S. Marco Gabriel is, as a friend has pointed out to us, just a little "retroussé." Moreover, the very skilful collineation of the inner rim of the aureole in the Cortona panel with the leading curves of the face which it encircles, serves to bring out and to emphasize the perfection of the contours in a manner which is not approached either in the Prado or in the S. Marco picture. The aureole itself is an object of sumptuous richness and surpassing gracefulness, in full harmony with the brilliant splendour of the Angel's wings, a splendour which in its turn is balanced, in the colour-scheme of the picture, by the rich diaper of Mary's high-backed seat. Another piece of exquisitely perfect drawing is to be seen in the upward-pointing left hand of the figure; the left hand being used for this purpose because it is on the "off" side from the spectator. But as a set-off against these points of excellence, there are some marked drawbacks. The profile of the Angel is spoiled by the very precise and formal chevelure, which certainly suggests a visit to the *bottega* of some Florentine coiffeur, and recalls disconcerting memories of the curled and plaited hair and beards of Assyrian warriors. Then, too, the effect of the upward-pointing left-hand is marred by the somewhat importunate gesture or posture of its companion, with which the Angel points straight

at Mary, not without something of Egyptian stiffness and angularity. And the same stiffness, angularity, and formality are seen in a still more marked degree in the skirt of the Angel's richly-brocaded robe, and in the pointed shoe which protrudes from beneath it. Far more pleasing is the attitude of the S. Marco Gabriel, who kneels upon his right knee and bends his left, his hands modestly crossed upon his breast, while the folds of his robe fall around him in a far more natural and graceful manner. As regards Mary, the movement of reverent salutation is most marked, and the face prettiest (we use the term advisedly), in the Prado painting. But the greater reserve and dignity, the posture of the hands, and the more mature expression of the face, compel our preference for the Mary of S. Marco. It is necessary, moreover, to bear in mind, when instituting a comparison, that the S. Marco fresco is in a far inferior state of preservation, and that even Alinari's photograph (given by Mr. Douglas at p. 105) hardly does full justice to the original. It should be mentioned that, in the Cortona and Prado paintings, the Eternal Father appearing in a nimbus, and the dove representing the Holy Spirit, are seen above the principal figures, while in the distance our first parents are being driven from Paradise by an angel. In the fresco at S. Marco these accessories are omitted. The cottage of Mary, a purely conventional building with a columned verandah, stands in a garden enclosed by a palisade, beyond which forest trees are seen. Simpler still, according to Mr. Douglas's description, is a yet later "Annunciation," one that is to be seen on the wall of cell No. 4 of the Convent of S. Marco. But as he has not reproduced it, and our own memory of it is by no means clear, we must pass it over with this single remark that the "Annunciation" is not the only subject in his treatment of which Fra Angelico shows a tendency to greater simplicity in the later period of his artistic activity.

(2) *The Madonna and Child* (with or without attendant Saints).—Needless to say, the subject which most frequently engaged the attention of the artists of the *quattrocento* and the *cinquecento* was the enthroned Madonna, holding the Infant Jesus on her knee, and usually surrounded by attendant saints. Of such Madonnas Fra Angelico has left six or seven examples which are still extant, and which for purposes of comparison we may take in the chronological order. The earliest of them

is that which he painted on one of the panels of a reliquary which originally belonged to the Convent of Sta. Maria Novella, but is now at S. Marco. It is familiarly known as the *Madonna della Stella*, and is one of the subjects reproduced in the excellent colour-prints of Herr Julius Schmidt. Our Lady stands erect, robed in a mantle of more than usual amplitude, which falls about her in rich folds on her right side, while on the other side it hangs straight down (by way of contrast) from her left wrist. The Divine Infant rests on her left arm and clings closely to her, His face nestling beneath her cheek, and His left hand, supported by the Mother's right, grasping her veil or mantle. The drawing is by no means perfect, the curve of the child's back indicating a somewhat awkward position, and both faces are perhaps a little wanting in expression.¹ On the whole, however, it is a composition of singular grace and tenderness, and it shows Fra Angelico to have thoroughly adopted the idea, "which first shows itself strongly in the works of Donatello towards the close of his second period," but to which Byzantine and early Italian art was a stranger, of emphasizing the human relationship of loving motherhood on the one hand, and childlike clinging affection on the other.²

Next in order comes the *Madonna dei Linajuoli*, painted by Fra Angelico for the guild of the flax-workers (as its name denotes) in the year 1433.

In this picture the Blessed Virgin is represented seated upon a throne covered with rich brocade. She is wearing a blue robe and rose tunic. With her left hand she holds the Child, who is standing on her lap. He is clothed in a long garment, bearing a globe in His left hand, while the right is raised in blessing.

Here, then, we have a return to the Byzantine type. Not merely is the Child standing and turning away from His Mother towards the beholder, but the figure is—after the Byzantine fashion—not that of an infant at all. The proportions, greatly reduced of course, are those of a man's body,

¹ It might possibly be objected against the drawing of this picture that the weight of the Child is not adequately supported by the Mother's arm. We rather think, however, that this effect is intentional, and the same idea would seem to be expressed, but in such a way as not to offend the eye, in the Perugia Madonna. There, too, the careful observer will observe that the Child is standing on—empty space. By the use of a gremial cloth the artist has avoided anything like a startling effect. The point reveals itself as one studies the picture.

² Pp. 72, 73.

surmounted by a child's head of disproportionately large size. The globe, too, is of such magnitude, and is held so far from the body, that it would suggest a feat of athletic strength, were it not that this detail is doubtless intended to symbolize the Divine omnipotence. Of all the representations of the Madonna and Child painted by Fra Angelico this is the least pleasing; and it would be interesting to know how far he was influenced in the treatment of the subject by the specifications in the contract which are referred to in a document given by Mr. Douglas on p. 182.

Somewhat similar in character is the Madonna of Cortona, of which unfortunately only a rather indistinct photograph is given by Mr. Douglas. Here, too, the Infant stands on His Mother's knee, but is a real human child. He is half-turned towards our Lady, and the look of tenderness with which she regards Him is a distinct improvement on the Linajuoli picture. In this painting our Lord holds a rose in His hand, and "at the foot of the dais, on either hand, is a golden vase full of roses white and red." Cortona, it may be observed, is famous for its roses, and the flat round baskets in which they are sold to this day, may be seen in another picture described a little later on.

In the Madonna of Annalena the Child holds in His left hand a pomegranate, the symbol of the love manifested in the Sacred Passion, and of the fruitfulness of that mystery of atonement. With His right hand He grasps His Mother's robe where it is fastened at the neck. Mary supports Him on her arm, and He is half turned towards her. Unfortunately the face of the Madonna is not altogether pleasing. The veil is drawn so low down over the forehead that its edge forms, with the contour of the cheeks and chin, an almost perfect circle, certainly no improvement upon the oval outline which may be seen, for instance, in the Cortona and Perugia paintings. And the attempt to show the full face of the Mother and at the same time to represent her as gazing on the Child has resulted in a somewhat ungraceful turning of the eyes. Yet, notwithstanding these blemishes, the Annalena Madonna, as a composition, makes a finer picture than its companion at Cortona. The attendant saints, instead of occupying separate panels, are grouped around Mary's throne; and the architectural accessories, from which the last trace of Gothic has disappeared, supply with their predominant lines a noble framework for the

living figures. The canopy under which Mary sits has a scalloped apse, with which the beautiful aureole which surrounds her head is all but concentric, the decorative effect of the combination being extremely fine. Mr. Douglas, by the way, seems to us to be in error when he says that the frieze and cornice of the canopy are continued "at a somewhat lower level, above the wall on either side of the throne." The apparent difference of level is merely the effect of perspective; but the perspective itself enhances the perfection of the colour scheme of the picture. This painting affords an example of the way in which certain technical details, which a careless or untrained observer might fail to notice, are yet quite capable of being made apparent and even evident to any one who will pay attention to them. There is, indeed, one feature in the decorative part of the composition which at first sight seems like a blot on its beauty. Along the wall at the back hangs a rich tapestry, which leaves exposed between its upper edge and the cornice a horizontal band of wall space, and this in such a way as to cut across four round-topped panels, which are thus brought into an unmeaning and unpleasing prominence. Why did not the artist hang his tapestry from hooks fastened just below the cornice? The answer presumably is that he had been accustomed to see tapestries hung just so and no otherwise. Such hangings were doubtless intended to be used in a variety of places, and were made of such a height (6ft. 6in. to 7ft.) as would enable them to be hung or taken down easily, and not so as to fit the architecture of this or that particular room or hall. It is only thus that we can account for a feature which more than once repeats itself in Fra Angelico's compositions. The fact is that instead of paying no attention to the human life around him and to the fashion of the world, the artist, in his desire to make them all do service to the cause of religion, has allowed himself to be somewhat dominated by them. He never, for instance, quite emancipated himself from the stiffness of the Florentine brocades.

In poor condition, but of rare beauty, is the Madonna of Perugia. Or rather, it is not the Madonna, but the Divine Infant on Mary's knee who is of such surpassing grace. The Child is all but nude, in accordance with the form of representation then coming into vogue; and His attitude, as He raises His little hand to bless the people, is perfect in every line. The mouth, perhaps a trifle small for the face, is yet

a perfect child's mouth, and the wide-open eyes have an expression which compels attention. To our thinking the wonderful thing about this picture is the indefinable skill with which the painter has made of the Child the principal figure, to which that of the Mother is distinctly subordinate. She supports with her delicate finger-tips the arm that is raised to bless, but the support is that of one who rather acquiesces and would take part in the gesture than of one who guides it. And she looks at Him with a gaze of motherly affection indeed, but of admiration and awe as well. To the right and left of the canopy are angels, two on either hand, bearing baskets of roses, red and white, such as have been referred to above. Our modern taste in religious art might perhaps suggest that we should prefer to see the Divine Infant clothed rather than all but nude. But we feel convinced that in his gradual advance from the sumptuous attire of the Linajuoli Christ-Child to the nude figure of his later paintings, Fra Angelico was guided by something better than the mere fashion of a period. The motive for the change we take to have been two-fold, viz., (1) the bringing into greater prominence the truth of Christ's Humanity, and (2) the consideration that the one unclothed figure in such compositions as we have been studying, forms by mere contrast with the surrounding colours the central point of the picture, the focus to which the eye is drawn and on which it rests. These motives may have influenced others; we can hardly doubt that they influenced him.

More magnificent as a composition, as embracing a larger number of figures with a fine landscape background and a rich decorative foreground, is the great Madonna of S. Marco. It is, however, "in a most deplorable condition; and moreover, where it now hangs in the Florence Academy, it is in a very bad light." The photograph given us by Mr. Douglas hardly enables us to express a judgment on its details, as we have ventured to do in the case of the Madonna of Perugia, and we must be content to quote the author's description.

In this picture the Virgin is represented enthroned in front of a Renaissance canopy of most exquisite design. She is looking down at the Child, who is seated on her knee. To the right of the Virgin, as well as on her left, stand four angels, the fairest Fra Angelico ever painted. A large Eastern carpet is stretched before her throne, the lines of which are skilfully used to help the illusion of space. Upon it kneel the two patron saints of the Medici, St. Cosmo and St. Damian;

whilst at either side are grouped three other saints—St. Dominic, St. Francis, and St. Peter Martyr to the right; St. Lorenzo, St. John, and St. Mark to the left. Behind these figures is a low curtain, and beyond it rises a grove of pine and cypress and ilex. Between the stems of the trees we catch a glimpse of a lake surrounded by mountains. . . .

This Madonna of San Marco is, from whatever point of view we look at it, the greatest of Fra Angelico's altar-pieces. In the modelling of the figures and faces, in its lineal design, in the arrangement of the planes of the composition, in the blending and fusing of tones, in the painting of accessories, as well as in the unity of sentiment that runs through the whole picture, this work stands alone. Closely related to those great Madonnas described [above], and especially to the Madonna of Perugia, it is an anthology of the merits of them all. It is not too much to say that it is the typical altar-piece of the early Renaissance.¹

So far as Alinari's photograph enables us to form a judgment on the matter we heartily concur with every word of this glowing description. Two minor points we would call attention to, as illustrating the artist's skill in the use of accessories and in the determination of small details. The groups on either side of the throne are really not very numerous, four angels and four saints on either hand. But the pattern of the flowered curtain in the background so breaks up that portion of the field of view as to enhance the sense of multiplicity, just as the pattern of the carpet in the foreground gives the sense of space.² Again, the Child in this picture sits, instead of standing on Mary's knee. The difference of level thus secured brings the head of the Saviour within the curve formed by the heads of the attendant angels and saints which thus appear as a crown or garland round about, while the conspicuous aureole of the Blessed Virgin forms the apex of the composition. *

In a future article we hope to examine some of the other works of Fra Angelico, and to say something of the use which may be made of his example by modern religious artists and lovers of sacred art.

H. LUCAS, S.J.

¹ P. 87. Of another Madonna, a fresco on the wall of the south corridor in the Convent of S. Marco, our space will not allow us here to speak. It has been popularized by the Arundel Society's fine reproduction.

² Just the same sense of space is given by the ceiled canopy of Borgognone's very beautiful Madonna with the two St. Catharines, in the Lombard room of the National Gallery.

Our Popular Devotions.

III.—THE DEDICATION OF THE MONTH OF MAY TO OUR LADY.

THE slowness of development conspicuous in the two devotions which have hitherto engaged our attention is not less noteworthy in that which the season of the year suggests as an appropriate subject for the present article. Like the Stations of the Cross and like the Rosary, the consecration of the month of May to our Lady can be traced to no one definite author. Many individuals have promoted it and one or two have played a leading part in giving it definite shape; but the tiny fibres of its first beginnings are lost in the remote past, and though it has been one of the latest of our devotions to reach maturity, we have occasional glimpses of something very kindred to its spirit at a date when most modern practices of piety were still unknown.

The distinctive interest of the subject before us seems to me to consist in this, that it represents one of the latest examples of that skilful conversion of rites of pagan origin to the service of the Church, which has been the secret of so much of her power for good over barbarous peoples. The process has been going on from the very beginning of Christianity. The ritual of Catholic worship, if it could be analyzed into its ultimate elements, would be found to be built up of details of pagan ceremonial, almost as the language of abstract thought is built up of the decayed metaphors of things material and sensuous. Sometimes the adaptation has been conscious and premeditated, a discreet effort to bend the bough which could not safely be broken. Sometimes, as in the present case, the custom adapted to religious uses was a mere survival, the meaning of which was little understood and which had long ago been filtered clean of any idolatrous or immoral significance. I do not pretend that the whole story

of the rise of our May devotions is so plain as to be free from obscurity, but we may be certain of the broader facts even while we leave a good many details to be filled up by future investigators.

We must begin by directing attention to a May custom which was so widely spread in Western Europe during the middle ages, as to have been practically universal. In its essential features it was a celebration of the glory of the spring, which, in southern climes at least, has then reached its most perfect beauty and its most luxuriant foliage. In every land the festival was intimately associated with the weaving of garlands and the carrying of boughs, and the fact seems to me, in default of better evidence, to constitute a strong presumption that the celebration at this season of the year was not indigenous in Northern Europe, but had been transported thither from sunny Italy, during those days when all the world looked Romewards. The English maypole seems but a naked and artificial substitute for the verdant Italian *Maio* or even for the *Maibaum* of Germany, and in an unfavourable English season the folk who went a-maying must often have been hard put to to find flowers for their garlands. Roses were out of question in every part of the country, and there are only a few favoured regions where even the hawthorn, which in many parts is called distinctively the "may," is in full bloom by the beginning of the month. On the other hand, we know that in Pagan Rome a festival, called the *Floralia* or *Ludi Florales*, was celebrated during the last three days of April and the first two of the month following. It was traced back by the Roman antiquaries¹ to the time of the Punic wars, and was undoubtedly a great popular holiday closely connected in idea with the worship of nature in the most beautiful season of the year. Great licentiousness and excesses of every kind are said, if we may trust Lactantius,² to have marked its continuance. Whether it was in any way connected with the *Maiuma* of which the Emperor Julian speaks, and which was proscribed by Arcadius, A.D. 399, is more than doubtful. We do not hear much of the *Floralia* in later centuries, though it is possible that they are alluded to in the sixty-second canon of the Council of Trullo (A.D. 704), but such popular usages do not readily perish, and it

¹ Cf. Ovid, *Fasti*, x. 185; Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* xviii. 69; Varro, *De Re Rust.* i. 1; Velleius Paterculus, i. 14.

² *Institutiones*, lib. i. cap. 20.

may be assumed with practical certainty that the celebration reappears in the May-day festivities to which we have abundant allusions all over Europe during the middle ages.

In these same May-day customs there was much similarity even in countries so widely remote as Germany, England, Italy, and Spain. In all of them the cutting down of boughs, the making of garlands or nosegays of flowers, the planting of some kind of tree and the paying honour to a chosen maiden, in whom under various names we may recognize our "Queen of the May," seem to find place. Of course the references to these popular celebrations in ancient times are wont to be very fragmentary, but we meet them in many directions. Thus Dante, speaking of young saplings clad in their fresh verdure, calls them *mai* (May-trees),

la gran variazion dei freschi mai,¹

and this use of the word might be paralleled by numberless other examples in French and German. *Des meien hôlgesit* is a phrase used constantly of the season of joy and frolic. The 1st of May was the special occasion of the witches' dance on the Brocken, as we may learn from no less an authority than Luther's *Table Talk*. A charter of St. Louis, King of France, in 1257, forbids the townsfolk to go a-maying in the woods belonging to certain Religious, spoiling their trees by tearing down branches; and in accordance with this, we learn that in French, as well as in Italian, the word *mai* was used in the sense of green boughs.

Chapel de mai
Faisoit et d'aiglentier,²

or still more clearly :

... avec la salle tapisée
parée de mays et de jonchée.³

So in this country we find the famous Bishop Grosseteste (Robertus Lincolniensis) writing indignantly to his archdeacons about the year 1244, and protesting against certain sports

¹ *Purg.* xxviii. 36.

² "She wove a wreath of green twigs and of eglantine." (*Roue. et past.*; Bartsch, ii. 96; 6.) There was much carrying into towns of such green boughs about the time of May-day and Whitsuntide; and we find the fourteenth century regulations of Nuremberg restricting this traffic. (*Nürn. Polizei Ordnungen*, 306.)

³ "With the wall all carpeted, strewn with green boughs and rushes." (*Sermon des Maulx de Mariage—Poésies Françaises*, des xv. et xvi. ss. ii. 8.)

in which the clergy take part, which are commonly called the *inductio Maii*, "the leading in of May;"¹ while at Angers, in France, at a somewhat later date, a decree of an ecclesiastical synod lets us know of a curious custom of pulling people out of their beds and forcing them, under penalty of a ransom in money, to take part in the May-day festivities.²

If it were the object of this paper to give an account of the popular customs which mark the celebration of the 1st of May, such quotations might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but I can only afford space to dwell upon one particular feature, viz., the attention shown by lovers to the mistress of their affections. All over the Continent it seems to have been the custom for young men to do honour to their sweethearts by planting *un mai* (*maio, maibaum*) in front of their door or window, decorating it, in some cases, with garlands of flowers and ribbons, or offering verses or presents. The allusions to this practice, though rare in England, are almost innumerable in Spanish, Italian, French, and German writers. "To-day is May-day," says the famous preacher, Geiler of Keisersberg, in one of his sermons, "and it is the custom for men to plant May-boughs before the houses of their sweethearts."³

For an Italian example, we may appeal to a *canzone* ascribed to Lorenzo de' Medici.

Se tu vu' appicare un majo
A qualcuna che tu ami
Quanto é bello e fresco e gajo
Appicare un pin co' rami.⁴

It would seem that if certain kinds of trees, for instance the hazel,⁵ were planted in this way before a lady's door, the offering was not always held to be complimentary. Thus a Pardon among the French National Archives, dated 1393, speaks of a certain band of merry-makers:

¹ "Faciunt etiam clerici, ut audivimus, ludos quos vocant miracula (miracle plays) et alios ludos quos vocant Inductionem Maii . . . quod nullo modo vos latere posset." (Grosseteste, *Epistole*, Rolls Series, p. 317.)

² "Insuper quidam tam clerici quam laici in prima die Maii de mane ad domos aliorum accedunt et ipsos capiunt et cogunt per captiones vestium et aliorum bonorum suorum se redimere." (Hardouin, *Conciliorum Collectio Maxima*, vol. ix. col. 1,344.)

³ "Wann es heute der maytag ist, an dem man pfiget mayen und bäum aufzurichten und stecken für die heuser der liebgehabten." (*Pred.* 142, 6.)

⁴ "If you wish to set up a may-tree to any lady you love, how beautiful and fresh and gay to set up a pine with its boughs." (*Canzone*, 26, 4.)

⁵ Can there be any connection between this and the story of the "Nut Brown Maid"?

Lesquelx compaignons trouverent que devant l'hostel d'une jeune fille du Pont l'Evesque l'on avoit mis du May, qui estoit du bois du coudre (hazel) et leur sembloit qu'il n'estoit pas bien honneste pour le mettre devant l'hostel d'une bonne fille; lequel may ils osterent.

Now all these practices seemingly had no religious complexion of any kind, but it was in the highest degree natural in the ages of faith that here and there individuals or even communities observing the custom should give it a pious application. There is a tolerably famous historical example of this in the case of the *bazoche* or corporation of clerics in Paris who planted *un mai* every year in the court of the royal palace; while the guild of St. Anne and St. Marcellus, which was a goldsmith's company, every May-day brought a green tree and set it up before the porch of Notre Dame. Later on, when the buildings around interfered with this custom, they erected a kind of booth¹ (of boughs?) within the church itself, and at a later period still they annually presented a picture to the high altar. I make no doubt that many similar instances might be discovered, and even in this country traces seem to have existed in the seventeenth century of hanging up such May-day garlands in churches.² In some counties, notably in Shropshire, great bunches of marsh-marigolds, locally known as "May-flowers," were collected at this season and hung up on May-day over the cottage doors, and as Dr. Skeat insists that marigold is simply Mary gold, quoting the analogy of the Irish name, *lus mairi*, leek of Mary, it is possible that a survival of some ancient mark of homage to our Lady is here preserved. So again the practice which exists in some parts of England, that the children after decking themselves out on May-day should carry a doll from house to house and sing religious carols may conceivably have reference to the Blessed Virgin, whose statue has now been replaced by a toy.

But be this as it may, there are one or two perfectly clear instances which prove to us that at least by exception these Pagan practices were now and again directed to our Lady's honour. The earliest instance which I have come across is in the case of that paragon of piety and learning, Alphonsus the Wise, King of Castile, who died in 1284. At the end of certain poems of his upon the great festivals of the Church

¹ "Une espice de tabernacle." (See la Curie de Sainte Palaye, *Dictionnaire*, s.v. "Mai.")

² Aubrey, *Remains of Gentilism and Judaism*. Edit. Folklore Society.

we find the following note in a manuscript that is almost contemporary with his time.

After the King had made these five songs of the five feasts of our Lord he made these other songs of the wonders (*miragres*) of Holy Mary, and the first of these is the May Song.

In his commentary upon the poems the learned editor, the Marquess of Valmar, who has printed the text for the Royal Spanish Academy, makes this observation :¹

This is one of the ballads called "Mayas" (May-songs). It consists in bidding welcome to the month of May in glowing and picturesque language, interlacing it with allusions to the divine qualities of our Blessed Lady, and with humble prayers to her that she will deliver us from the evils of this world and help us to gain bliss everlasting. Amongst other petitions addressed to our Lady was one that she would bestow strength sufficient to drive the Moors out of Spain.

Here are a few of the stanzas of this thirteenth century poem, written like King Alphonso's other *Cantigas* in a sort of Portuguese. Each of them begins with a welcome to May, and in very simple language declares that this joyous season cannot be better employed than in directing prayers to Holy Mary for the graces and blessings we need :

Ben vennas, Mayo, et con alegria ;
poren roguemos á Santa Maria
que a seu Fillo rogue todavia
que el nos guarde d' err' e de folia.
Ben vennas Mayo.

Ben vennas, Mayo, con toda saude,
por que loemos a de gran vertude
que a Deus rogue que nos sempr' aiude
contra o dem' e de ssi nos escude.

Ben vennas, Mayo, et con lealdade
por que loemos a de gran bondade
que sempre aia de nos piadade
et que nos guarde de toda maldade.

Ben vennas, Mayo, con bôos maniares
e nós roguemos en nossos cantares
á santa Virgen, ant' os seus altares
que nos defenda de grandes pesares.

Still more clear and to the point is the example of the great Dominican mystic, Blessed Henry Suso. Apart from the account,

¹ *Cantigas de Santa Maria de Don Alfonso el Sabio*, vol. i. p. cxxii.

set down in ghastly minuteness, of the terrible penances with which he macerated his body, there are few books more entirely attractive in their spirit of sweet devotion than this autobiography of the Blessed "Amandus." We have, moreover, in English, a singularly graceful translation from the pen of the lamented Oratorian, Father Knox. I am sure that my readers will not be impatient at a somewhat long quotation, which shows very clearly the connection between the practices we have been speaking of and the dedication of May to our Lady. Blessed Henry speaks of himself here, as always, in the third person :

Before this, in his childhood, it had been his custom, when the beautiful summer came, and the tender flowrets first began to spring up, never to pluck or touch a flower until he had greeted with the gift of his first flowers his spiritual love, the sweet blooming rosy maid God's Mother. When it seemed to him that the time for doing this had come, he picked the flowers with many loving thoughts, and, carrying them to his cell, made a garland of them ; and then he went into the choir, or into our Lady's chapel, and kneeling down very humbly before our dear Lady, placed the garland upon her image, in the hope that, as she was the fairest of all flowers, and the bliss of summer to his heart, she would not disdain to accept these first flowers from her servitor.

Once upon a time when he had thus crowned the all-lovely one, it seemed to him in a vision that heaven was opened and he saw the bright angels ascending and descending in shining garments. He heard, likewise, in the Court of Heaven, the blissful attendants singing the loveliest song which was ever heard. But chiefly they sang a song about our dear Lady which rang so sweetly that his soul melted within him from excess of rapture, and it was like what is sung of her in the sequence of All Saints' Day : *Illic regina virginum, transcendens culmen ordinum*, which means, "the pure Queen soars high above all the heavenly host in honour and dignity." He, too, began to sing with the heavenly company, and it left behind in his soul a great savour of heaven and longing after God.

Once, at the beginning of May, he had, according to this custom, placed with great devotion a garland of roses (*einen Kranz von Rosen*) upon his loveliest heavenly Lady ; and that same morning early, as he had come from a distance and was tired, he intended to allow himself a longer sleep, and to omit his usual greeting to the Virgin at the proper hour. And when the time had come for him to greet her as he was wont to do, and he should have got up, it seemed to him as if he were in the midst of a heavenly choir, and that they were singing the *Magnificat* in praise of God's Mother. When it was ended, the Virgin came forward, and bade the Brother begin the verse, *O vernalis rosula*, &c., which signifies, "O thou lovely little rose of spring." He thought

within himself what she could mean by this, and yet wishing to obey her, he began in joyous mood, *O vernalis rosula*.¹ Whereupon, immediately three or four youths of the heavenly company, who were standing there in the choir, began to sing with him, and then the rest of the choir took up the strain, as if in rivalry, and they sang so merrily that the sound rang out as sweetly as if all stringed instruments were resounding there together. But his mortal frame could not bear this excess of melody, and he came to himself again.²

The use of wreaths in May seems to have been so widespread that the name of May garlands became generic, and extended to other seasons. Thus Suso tells us:

It is the custom in certain parts of Swabia, his native country, for the young men to go out in their folly on New Year's night and beg for May-wreaths (*und bitten des Gemayten*): that is to say, they sing ditties and recite pretty verses, and do all they can, with such-like courtesies, to make their sweethearts give them garlands (*Kränze*). Now, when he heard of this the thought came into his young and loving heart that he too would go on that same night to his Eternal Love and beg a May-wreath (*und bat auch des Gemayten*). Accordingly, before break of day, he went to the image of the Most Pure Mother, which represents her holding in her arms and pressing to her heart her gentle Child, the beautiful Eternal Wisdom, and, kneeling down before it, he began with the sweet, voiceless melody of his soul to sing a sequence to the Mother, praying her leave to win a garland from her child, and as he could hardly do this of himself, that she would help him in his endeavour. And so earnest was his prayer, and so little could he restrain himself from weeping, that the hot tears kept rolling down his cheeks.³

It must be pointed out, however, that the practice of honouring May in the manner described just above, does not seem to have been a formal and consistent resolution even with Suso himself. We find in another passage, more unmistakably connected with his ordinary life in the cloister, the following account of a quite different preparation for May.

¹ Versus super *Alma Redemptoris*:

O vernalis rosula,
tu roscida primula
stricta algore
noctis, cum fervore
solis dilatata
accepisti jubar verum.
quod factum extat rerum.

(Morel, *Lateinische Hymnen des Mittelalters*, p. 129, No. 204. MS. thirteenth century.)

² *Life*, ch. xxxviii.

³ *Life*, ch. x.

It was his custom on May-day eve to set up a spiritual May-bough (*eine geistlichen Mayen*), and to do it honour every day for a long space of time. Among all the beautiful branches that ever grew, he could find none more like to a lovely May-bough than the delightful bough of the Holy Cross, which is more blooming with grace, virtues, and ornaments of every kind than any May-bough that ever was. Under this May-bough he made six prostrations (*Veni, venias*), and at each prostration he desired in his contemplation to adorn the spiritual May-bough with some one of the loveliest things which the summer might bring forth . . . in this wise. First, I offer to thee to-day in place of all red roses a heartfelt love, &c.¹

That Blessed Henry should always be given a prominent place in any account of the consecration of May to our Lady is most unquestionable, but it will be seen from this last extract that the practice cannot in any sense be said to have taken firm root until long afterwards. The direction of his thoughts towards the Cross of our Blessed Lord as a means of Christianizing and purifying these half-pagan May observances, seems to have had counterparts on a larger scale, and I cannot help thinking that the "*Cross days*" or Cross processions, which during two or three days of preparation in some districts ushered in the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, on May 3rd, may possibly have been another expedient to divert the people from their dangerous and often licentious merry-making. The decrees of the Fifth Council of Milan held by St. Charles Borromeo in 1579, allow us to see how the difficulty was felt more than two centuries after the time of Blessed Suso. The Archbishop declares that on the 1st of May, which ought to be observed as a festival sacred to SS. Philip and James, Apostles, the evil custom (*pravum morem*) still persists that trees in full leaf are felled and then set up in towns and villages (*ludibundo spectaculo*) to be made the means of sport and diversion.

St. Charles further complains that this practice is attended with very grave abuses; Mass and the services of the Church are neglected, an occasion is given for quarrelling, drunkenness, and riot, many trespasses are committed, trees are cut down forcibly or by stealth which belong to other people, and even those which stand within ecclesiastical precincts are not respected. Moreover, an uproar is raised by the discharge of guns, which interferes with the services of the Church and the preaching of

¹ Ch. xiv.

sermons.¹ The Archbishop in consequence strongly exhorts his suffragans and the clergy to find some remedy for these grievous abuses. Instead of tumultuous and licentious gatherings, he begs them to induce the people to come to church, to take part in canticles and processions, and instead of these foolish and pagan trees, to think of St. Philip's martyrdom, setting up and venerating the holy rood, the instrument of man's redemption.²

On the other hand, we have also at this period a few scattered indications of an attempt to direct men's thoughts towards our Lady in these celebrations, but I confess that the evidence cited by Padre Vannucci in his useful little monograph, *Il Mese di Maria*, more particularly that from Mantua, seems to me extremely slight. There is no apparent foundation for the belief that St. Philip Neri was a pioneer in establishing this devotion, and it is only when we reach the second half of the seventeenth century that the idea seems to take shape in any way that gave promise of permanence. How far the well-known Jesuit spiritual writer, Father Nadasi, conceived the notion of setting aside the month of May to our Lady's honour is a little problematical. It is certain that he had read the passage of Blessed Henry Suso, quoted above, because he cites it himself at the close of the first day of May in his *Annus Cælestis*, but the mention of it in that place is robbed of any special significance by the fact that Nadasi invariably quotes some little pious "example" connected with our Lady at the end of each set of devotions, quite independently of month or season. On the other hand, it is certain that Father Nadasi made a practice of writing little books containing practices of piety for just a month, and Father Vannucci seems to show that he undoubtedly wrote a *Mensis Mariannus*, and thus paved the way for the Month of Mary books, properly so-called, which were soon to follow.

And here it might almost be said that further original investigation has been rendered well-nigh hopeless by the extremely painstaking researches of a modern Italian Jesuit,

¹ "Tum bellicorum instrumentorum vehemens strepitus quo divina officia sacre conciones valde perturbantur." (Hardouin, *Concilia*, vol. x. col. 964.)

² "Arborum præterea loco, excitati imitatione sancti illius Apostoli Philippi qui pro Dei gloria cruci affixus est, sacrosanctam arborem crucis in qua actor humane redemptionis pendit Christus Dominus, tanto religiosius locis conspicuis publice erigant, quanto inutilius olim profanas eas arbores frondescentes erexerint." (Hardouin, *Concilia*, x. 965.)

Father Manganotti,¹ who has admirably supplemented the researches of Fathers Vannucci and Terwecoren.² We now know, thanks to Father Manganotti, that the earliest *Mese di Maria*, of the type which before the end of the eighteenth century became so familiar, was in all probability the little book of Father Annibale Dionisi, the second edition of which, the earliest known copy now in existence, was printed at Parma in 1726. Even after the labours of Fathers Vannucci and Manganotti, and a rather lively controversy which has at different times been started in Italian periodicals, the subject is still attended with a good deal of obscurity. Father Nadasi seems certainly to have published a *Mensis Marianus*, but there is nothing to connect this little book of a month's meditations and pious practices with the particular month of May, except the fact that he was familiar with and calls attention to the usage of Blessed Henry Suso. Another book, dated 1669 (? 1699), is also arranged as a "Month of Mary," and curiously enough introduces the title, *Mensis PARTHENIO-MARIANUS*; which is noteworthy on account of the coincidence that several editions of Padre Dionisi's³ *Mese di Maria*, for some reason or other, were ascribed to the authorship of one *Mariano Partenio*. It seems to me impossible not to suppose that by some misunderstanding or conscious adaptation this pseudonym was derived from the earlier booklet.

Altogether the precise development of our modern devotion in these early stages is not a little puzzling, but we have one or two plain facts. Father Nadasi certainly wrote a *Mensis Marianus* in the seventeenth century, and seems to have had

¹ *Il Mese di Maggio nel secolo decimottavo*. Modena, 1892.

² The latter contributed various articles to the Belgian *Précis Historiques*, which he has condensed in the Introduction to his book of May devotions, *Le Mois de ma Mère*. Dom L. Janssens has also written on this subject in the *Revue Bénédicte*, 1887, p. 55.

³ Here are the titles of the principal works connected with the early history of the May Month booklets.

Jo. Nadasi, *Theophilus Marianus sive artes ac exercitationes xxxi in mensem unum digestæ, ad amorem Deiparæ amore Dei, et amorem Dei amore Deiparæ, inflammandum*. Colonie. (2nd Edit. Romæ, 1664.) *Circulus menstruus Parthenio-Marianus meditationum in singulos mensis dies digestarum, e vite Mariane in brevium contracta atque ad imitationem proposita punctis deductus, in usum sodalium Congregationis ejusdem virginæ Matris xenii loco oblatus*. Molshemii, 1669 (? 1699) typis Michaelis Storchii, in 8vo, 118 pp. F. X. Jacolet, *Mensis Marianus, seu vita Beatissime Virginis ex SS. Patribus desumpta, et per pias considerationes in singulos mensis dies distributas ad meditandum ac imitandum proposita, et DD. sodalibus majoris congregationis Academiæ Dilingane in xenium oblata*. Anno 1724. Dilinge, formis Joannis Schwertlen, in 24mo, 217 pp.

imitators in the same century. It was only one step further to connect this *mensis* with the month of May, and both the known example of Henry Suso and the still surviving custom of consecrating the opening of this most beautiful month of the year to those specially beloved were influences likely at any moment to determine the choice of May as the most suitable season for such a devotion. Again, we have positive evidence derived from a memoir printed in 1721¹ that a certain Father Ansaloni, S.J., who died in 1713, used in his old age to visit "the Royal Church of St. Clare at Naples," every evening during the month of May, to hear the canticles which were sung there in honour of our Lady, and to receive the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This, although the actual words of the memoir are unfortunately not before me, seems to be a tolerably clear example of some sort of public dedication of the month to our Lady. Some few years later we have the *Mese di Maria* of Father Dionisi,² and this has proved the forerunner of an endless series of imitations and adaptations, the best known of which, owing perhaps to the dedication to Madame Louise of France of a translation made by Père Doré, is the *Mois de Mai* of Father Lalomia of Palermo. With regard to the public observance of the month as specially consecrated to our Lady, we seem to have satisfactory evidence of such a practice in the parish church of Grezzana, near Verona, as early as 1739. It is interesting to notice in an account which purports to be taken from a contemporary document in the archives of the church³ that stress is laid upon the devotion as a form of protest against the somewhat pagan use at this season of garlands and flowers.

Above all [says the statement I am referring to], the month of May according to the end and purpose before us being designated as the month of Spiritual Flowers offered in honour of Blessed Mary the Virgin, all persons of either sex are strictly forbidden during the said month to wear flowers, either natural or artificial (*fiore freschi o secchi*), but let them rather with a holy rivalry strive to adorn the altar of our Lady in the church with those same flowers with which they would otherwise have adorned their own persons.

¹ See Manganotti, *Il Mese di Maggio*, p. 11.

² This little booklet was reprinted at Modena in 1892, under the editorial care of Father Manganotti. Of the first edition, printed in 1724 (?), not a single copy is known to exist.

³ It has been reprinted by Father Manganotti. Appendix, p. 61.

Whether this parish custom was maintained continuously after 1739, and whether it spread to other districts of Italy, I am unable to say. Father Manganotti quotes another instance of these devotions at Genoa in 1747, which is known to us through a letter of the Archbishop, recommending them at least for private use, and we have conclusive evidence of the public observance of the month of May at Verona in 1774. From that time onwards the practice both in public and private seems to have spread with great rapidity and the bibliography of the subject is considerable.

I may conclude my sketch, which has extended to a greater length than was at first intended, by quoting entire the Preface of the little booklet published by Father Dionisi, in 1726 or earlier, which is, as I have explained, the earliest clear example of a "Month of May," now preserved to us. The writer's own words will set before us, more plainly than any explanations of mine could do, the thoughts which were in the minds of those who had the most direct influence in establishing this new practice in honour of our Lady.

Since the devout clients of Mary [writes Father Dionisi] are accustomed to venerate her at three different times in each day, viz., in the morning, at mid-day, and in the evening, and also on one special day in each week, namely, the Saturday; so it appears only reasonable to dedicate to her one entire month in every year.

And since in making an offering, we ought to give of our best, so from amongst all months, that one is chosen which is the most beautiful in the year, namely, May, the season of flowers, which invites us to crown her with the flowers of virtuous actions. The following is the method of thus honouring Mary, a method which is at once full of devotion, of charm, and of variety.

In our own home, and in the room in which the family are accustomed to pray before some statue of our Lady, on the last day of April, that statue, or some other pious picture of her, or little altar, is adorned to the best of our power, with candles and vases of such fresh flowers as are then in season. It might also be well that this should take place in the room in which we study, or play, or take recreation, or work, in order to sanctify that place and regulate our actions as being done beneath the most pure eyes of the Most Holy Virgin.

The evening before the 1st of May, the family being assembled before the said little altar, which is lit up, the Rosary, or the Chaplet, which is a third part of the said Rosary, or at any rate the Litany of our Lady, is devoutly recited; other prayers can be added according to the custom or various needs of the family. Care must be taken, however, that in adding to the number of prayers, devotion be not lessened, either

The Dedication of the Month of May to our Lady. 483

by saying them hurriedly, or by wearying those who take part in the services ; particularly children and busy people who have many occupations to attend to.

The prayers being ended, one of those "Spiritual Flowers" is drawn by lot, which we will add here, in order that they may be copied out and folded up, each being accompanied with certain acts of virtue which are to form the special practice of each one during the coming month. Either then, or at some more convenient time, are read the three brief points to be meditated on the following day, with the "example" annexed to them, and after this another "little flower" and corresponding ejaculation which is meant to be common to all. One other of the "little flowers" is then also drawn by lot, which is intended to be practised on the following day (only).

What has just been prescribed for the first evening should be repeated on every subsequent day, except the drawing of the "little flower" which is to serve for the whole month. During the day we must remind ourselves to practise both that general flower and also the other flower drawn particularly for that day, and then turn over in our mind the points of meditation, reciting the ejaculation appended to it.

Besides this, every week, or at least every fortnight, you will do well to receive the sacraments, confessing and communicating with special devotion.

Each day when you go out of doors, see that you never return without visiting a church or altar dedicated to Mary.

Bear in mind during the whole month that you are watched by Mary, performing all your actions so that they cannot displease her most pure eyes.

At the close of the month make an offering of your heart to Mary, in the form which you will find set down at the end of this little book.

It is now nearly two centuries since this little book was published, and there is probably no country in the world in which some exercise of devotion during the month of May in honour of our Lady is not practised ; but on the Continent, and in France and Italy especially, where this custom is more familiar, the practices of piety recommended by Father Dionisi have continued in Catholic households almost unaltered even to this day.

HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

Spirit and its Struggles after a Definition.

THE child who has learned from his Catechism to meet the question, "Has God a body?" with the answer, "God has no body, He is a spirit," would be very shocked to find that Tertullian, who at least is something of a recognized authority in the Christian Church, assert quite clearly that God has, or rather is, a body. But we who have got beyond the age of childhood and know something of the slowness with which such terms as "body" and "spirit" came to stand to one another in fixed antithesis, can readily surmise that Tertullian's utterance will not prove, on examination, as bad as it might be, however much we may doubt the complete purity of all his doctrines on the subject. For we readily advert to the fact that we should tolerate the expression, "Nobody but God knows," which implies that God is "somebody." We are aware, too, how we might set against the affirmation of Tertullian the denial by some matter-of-fact Englishman that God is a *substance*, as the idea of substance means for him something solid, tangible, resistant. Only because in its quiescent state the air is insensible to touch is it called occasionally unsubstantial.¹

¹ Hobbes says, "Substance and Body signify the same thing; and therefore *substance incorporeal* are words which, when they are joined together, destroy one another, as if a man should say an *incorporeal body*." (*Leviathan*, part iii. chap. 34.) Elsewhere the author discusses the very words of Tertullian upon which we are engaged. "What was the meaning of the doctrine that God has no parts? and was it made here to say that God, who is a real substance, cannot be considered or spoken of as here or there or anywhere, which are parts or places? or that there is any real thing without length every way, that is to say, which hath no magnitude at all, finite, or infinite? or is there any whole substance whose two halves or three thirds are not the same with that whole? or did they mean to condemn the argument of Tertullian, by which he confuted Apelles and other heretics of his time, namely, *whatsoever was not corporeal was nothing but phantasm*, for heretical? No, certainly, no divines say that. They want to establish the doctrine of one individual God in Trinity." (*An Historical Narration concerning Heresy, Works*, vol. iv. pp. 397, 398.) We do not agree with Hobbes in his attribution of body, that is of extended being, to God, but his identification of substance with body is instructive. He is not aware that Tertullian goes against him in maintaining that God is not an extended substance, being quite independent of space, having no parts, no divisibility, nothing that

In view of the long struggle and the variety of fortunes which words have to undergo before they can acquire anything like the fixity of scientific precision, we may consent to examine briefly how in the Catholic Church it was gradually agreed that Spirit should be a name first for God, and then for His angels. The inquiry will be useful not only for its own sake, but also as illustrating forcibly a general fact that we must judge the early writers of the Church, not by our standard of language, but by their own, which was often far removed from ours. In short, we are going to seek our profit in studying one of the many cases of development upon which so much of modern controversy hinges.

I.

We will start with the strongest expressions which Tertullian uses to assert that God is a body; nor need we fear at the outset least we should lay bare some terrible error in the African Doctor, not usually included in the list of his extravagations. In the seventh chapter of his book against Praxeas he writes: "Who will deny that God is a body; for a spirit is a body of its own order." And again, in the treatise *De Carne Christi*, chapter xi., "Whatever exists is a body of its own order; only the non-existent is incorporeal."¹ Already the explanation must be apparent to the reader, for it lies on the surface. As we ourselves call spirit many things that are certainly material substances, so we occasionally use the word body to designate whatever is substantial, whether it be strictly corporeal or not. Our most up-to-date dictionary of the English language, under the word "body," gives in the twenty-fourth place the meaning "substance as opposed to representation or shadow, reality;" and in the twenty-seventh place the quotation is given from an eighteenth-century author, "the soul is a body because it maketh us to be living creatures." By calling God a body, Tertullian, as the context shows, wished to assert—what it would be rank atheism to deny—that God is a substance. Of the language employed to proclaim this truth,

savours of mutability. "Ante omnia Deus erat solus, ipse sibi et mundus et locus et omnia." (*Adv. Prax.* 5.) "In partes non dissolvere ut indivisibilem et indemutabilem et eundem semper qua Dominus." (*Adv. Hermog.* 2.) "Nos Sermoni atque Rationi itemque Virtuti propriam substantiam Spiritum inscribimus. Nam et Deus Spiritus." (*Apol.* 21.)

¹ The Stoics argued that as being is that which can act and be acted upon, body which alone answers this requirement, is the only reality.

St. Augustine speaks with some dislike;¹ yet in another place he allows the solution of the difficulty which is found in the fact that Tertullian "could have called God a body because God is not nothing, not vacuity, not some mere quality of mind or matter."² Other Fathers lend some justification to this use of the term by their own rendering of the adverb "corporaliter," *σωματικῶς* in the Epistle to the Colossians;³ for they understand it not of the flesh which the Word took to Himself at the Incarnation, but of the Divine Nature itself in Christ. We do not pretend that this is the only Patristic interpretation, but it has support from various authorities. St. Augustine himself translates *σωματικῶς* "really,"⁴ St. Jerome, "wholly,"⁵ St. Hilary, "essentially." These renderings may be mistaken;⁶ at any rate they show that their authors did not think it necessarily atheistic to use "bodily" as signifying the reality of the Divine Nature. On this ground one great pioneer in Patristic theology, Petavius, defends Tertullian from attack, entering at the same time into details about a sort of passivity which the latter ascribes to God, and which he seems to identify with corporeity;⁷ but these are subtleties beyond our present scope. Tertullian may not be quite satisfactory: he is, however, free from gross materialism. Later on there arose the anthropomorphite heretics who distinctly erred in affirming bodily organs of God, and maintained their views obstinately against those who tried to correct them. While we need not suppose this heresy to be involved in the bickerings between St. Epiphanius and John of Jerusalem, yet it can hardly be doubted that the error was fully committed by some of the fanatical monks with whom Theophilus of Alexandria contended.⁸

Next we come to the case of no longer attributing body to God, yet of ascribing it freely to the angels. A number of Fathers say that all things are corporeal except God; so teaches Origen.⁹ The case is clearly put by St. Ambrose: "Let us regard nothing as free from material composition except only the substance of the adorable Trinity, which is truly pure and simple;"¹⁰ and the same idea reappears in a work attributed to

¹ *De Genesi ad Lit.* lib. x. c. 25.

² *De Hæres.* c. 86.

³ Coloss. ii. 10. Cf. Exod. xxiv. 10, which is rendered by the A.V. "the body of heaven," and by the R.V. "the very heaven," or the heaven itself.

⁴ *Epist.* clxxxviii. 39.

⁵ *In Isaias*, xi. 1.

⁶ *De Trin.* viii. 54.

⁷ *De Deo*, lib. ii. cap. i. n. 5, seq.

⁸ Socrates, *H.E.* vi. 7; Sozom., *H.E.* viii. 11.

⁹ *De Principiis*, i. c. 6. n. 4.

¹⁰ *De Abraham*, l. ii. c. viii. n. 58.

Gennadius of Marseilles: "Nothing is to be accounted as an incorporeal and an invisible nature except God, who is to be regarded as incorporeal because He is everywhere, filling all space. All creatures are corporeal, even the angels, and all the celestial powers, though they have no fleshly bodies. These intelligent creatures are corporeal inasmuch as they are limited in place, like the soul in its body."¹ Again Faustus of Riez upholds the proposition that whatever is localized is corporeal, and that in consequence the angels are corporeal, for they are now in Heaven, now in the air, they ascend and descend, they visit men in particular spots.² The further discussion of this opinion will engage us when we come to treat positively of the angels as incorporeal: at present while we are speaking of God as alone incorporeal we may notice how some Fathers, who are tainted neither with Arianism nor even with Semiarianism, do lend some colour at least to Semiarianism by saying that under the Old Law, while the Father was quite above such a self-manifestation, the Son could appear in definite places, to definite individuals. They speak primarily of the fact of the apparitions as recorded in Scripture; as a fact it was the Son who became Incarnate, and therefore to the Son peculiarly they attribute the theophanies of the Pentateuch without saying dogmatically that the Father was not manifested along with the Son, or could not have appeared in Incarnate form. This last is a point beyond human demonstration one way or the other. The orthodox Fathers, holding firmly by the consubstantiality between Father and Son, could not consistently have assigned to the second Person any sense of corporeity which they did not also assign to the first Person. So much as to God being "Body" on the one hand and alone incorporeal on the other.

II.

Already as regards the angels, the reason has been stated why several Fathers from their point of view can call them corporeal, even though by comparison with man they hold them to be relatively spiritual. Various texts of Scripture are occasions whereby the same aspect of the angelic nature is impressed on the mind. The Psalmist speaks of the manna as "bread from heaven," "bread of angels," whence St. Justin is

¹ *De Eccles. Dog.* 11, 12. Cf. Hilary in Psalm cxxix. n. 3; Cyril Alex. in Joan, lib. i. c. 9.

² Ep. iii.

led to speak of angels as eating of this food after a bodily manner,¹ and Clement of Alexandria speaks in the same way.² Then there is the ambiguous text from Psalm ciii., quoted in Hebrews i., *facit angelos suos spiritus*, which some understand to mean that angels are of an aerial substance. Once more the passage in Genesis vi. which speaks of the giants as the offspring of "the sons of God," and "the daughters of men," is very widely supposed by the Fathers to refer to a fall of the angels through bodily concupiscence. The *Revue Biblique*,³ analyzing the Patristic testimonies for the first four centuries, concludes that fifteen Fathers regard the angels as the offenders meant by the text in Genesis. The names given are Justin, Tatian (inferentially), Athenagoras, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Irenæus, Origen, Julius Africanus (who, however, suggests the other opinion), Cyprian, Commodianus, Methodius, Lactantius, Eusebius, Ambrose, Sulpicius Severus, against whom five names are placed in protest, Cæsarius, Philostratus, Chrysostom, Cyril of Alexandria, Theodoret. St. Jerome is described as holding himself in reserve; St. Augustine as oscillating from side to side, till finally he declared the sons of Seth to be meant, not the angels. An opinion so prevalent must have helped to incline the early Fathers to the idea that angels were not pure spirits. On reference to his writings we find that Origen is one who works out more in detail some sort of a theory on the subject. Often we hear it said that, in his view, the first creation was spiritual, but that spirits were thrust into bodies specially made for their imprisonment because of their misconduct; and this account of his doctrine is in part true, needing still the further addition that the angels are regarded by him as having from the first subtle bodies which become afterwards turned, so to speak, into gross carcasses as a punishment for faults committed. The change may be conceived either as a transformation of the bodies themselves, or as an addition of new and inferior matter. In the *De Principiis*,⁴ Origen declares that only God can exist without a body; that the angels cannot, and that "the material substance of this world having a nature changeable from any form into any other, when it is lowered to an inferior position, becomes grosser and more solid, so that it shows the differences

¹ *Dial.* 57. ² Cf. Origen, *De Oratione*, n. 27.

³ Vol. iv. pp. 340, seq.

⁴ Lib. ii. cap. ii.

of things perceptible to the senses, whereas when it serves the purposes of more perfect natures it shines with the splendour of heavenly bodies, and adorns with the vesture of a spiritual body either the angels or the children of men who enjoy a resurrection to glory." Here the author admits that he is touching upon the mysteries of God which would require a profound investigation into the Scriptures if they were to be penetrated. It is true that in other places, for instance, Homil. i. in Gen. n. 2, tom. i.; in Joan. n. 17, tom. ii., he denies that the angels have bodies, which leaves us only one method of conciliation between his expressed opinions, namely, to suppose that angelic bodies compared with human are spiritual.¹ In granting to Origen this possibility of a reconciliation between his apparently opposite utterances, we are only doing what we have to do for other Fathers, who, while describing the angels to be *ἀσώματους* and *ἀύλους*, distinctly maintain that they are corporeal and that God alone is incorporeal.

Attempting to judge which of the Fathers of the first four centuries come nearest to our form of expression that the angels are pure spirits, though inferior to the purest spirit, one interpreter assigns the palm to Gregory of Nyssa, another to Gregory of Nazianzus. With regard to the former Saint, whatever he may say on such passages as are to be found *De Virgin.* c. 4, *De Orat. Domin.* orat. iv., Migne, tom. xlv. col. 1165, and elsewhere, it has to be admitted that there are places in which he speaks in the tone of Origen; while, as for the other Gregory, his best utterances have against them certain assertions of his which at least may signify a doubt on the subject. In his 38th Oration, n. 9, he says, "So the Second Splendours were created, the ministers of the First Splendour," that is, angels were created to minister to God, "whether we are to look upon them as intelligent spirits, or as immaterial, incorporeal fire, or as some other nature approaching to these as near as possible."² Thus we find perpetually the idea before the mind of Gregory Nazianzen, that if God is pure spirit, who can be bound by no local limits, and who is absolutely beyond the range of man's natural vision, then the angels, who do not come up to this standard of spirituality, are somehow less than pure spirits. As late as the seventh Œcumenical Council, 787, we find the Patriarch Tarasius giving utterance to the judgment

¹ See Huetius, *Origenianorum*, lib. ii. cap. ii. q. v.

² Cf. *Orat.* xxviii. 31.

that angels might be represented in art, "because they are limited as to space, and have often appeared as human forms." The acts of the Synod say that this opinion met with its approval.¹

III.

When the scholastics take up the problem which the Fathers have left them, they apply to its solution Aristotle's distinction of matter and form, in which terminology matter means the passive and potential principle as opposed to form, the active and actuating principle; and though they recognize the falling short of perfect spirituality which led the early writers to call the angels corporeal, they often preferred not to adopt this term, but to keep it for what we ordinarily mean by matter. It is not at once, however, that scholasticism decides on the use of terms. The master of the sentences, Peter Lombard, states the question, but does not answer it.² Albertus Magnus, commenting on this passage of the master, declares his inability to pronounce definitely, and this he confesses, although the Lateran Council had already spoken of the two orders of creation, the material and the spiritual as being distinct (*caput Firmiter*), a decree which, as Petavius and Vasquez note, was not aimed at the precise point which we are now examining. Alexander of Hales assigns for the angels a special *materia prima* which he calls by what some may regard as a paradoxical name, *materia spiritualis*.³ St. Bonaventure⁴ gives it as doubtful whether angels are compounded of form and *materia prima*, but regards the affirmative as more correct.⁵ St. Thomas⁶ argues that angels are not composed of matter and form, and that they have in them no constituent principle which is strictly material, for intellectual action excludes all such principle.

¹ If St. Chrysostom calls angels incorporeal, and because of the meagreness of his treatment says nothing of a material element in their composition, this silence cannot be taken as a denial of such matter as his contemporaries allowed in its peculiar sense already described. As to bodily appearances assumed temporarily by angels we say nothing.

² *Sent.* I. ii. dist. viii.

³ *Summa*, part ii. q. xx. memb. ii. in fine. As his *minimum*, he says, "Angeli substantia composita est, si non ex materia et forma saltem ex quo et quod est."

⁴ St. Bonaventure says that, in itself, matter is neither corporeal nor spiritual, but may be determined either way; this was a common Scotist view. (*Sent.* lib. ii. dist. iii. part i. q. ii. ad 3, *materia in se considerata nec est spiritualis nec corporalis*.) Of this opinion the recent editors of St. Bonaventure say, *a multis et magnis doctoribus tendebatur*.

⁵ *II. Sent.* dist. 3, part i. a. 1, q. 1.

⁶ I. q. 1.

One difficulty which beset the Fathers continues to puzzle the scholastics. The former had argued the existence of the material element in the angels largely from the limited space which angels occupied, and from their movements hither and thither, so that in regard to a given spot they could be now present, now absent. This occupancy of definite and varying positions in space is not quite the same as individuality, but the two notions are connected; and the same materiality, which was made to account for the former, was brought in to explain the latter. Many scholastics say that matter under a special aspect, which they call *materia signata*, is the principle of individuation, and having concluded that the angels are without such a principle, they decide that there cannot be several angels of one species, or that each angel exhausts its own kind. In Denifle's *Chartularium Universitatis Parisiensis*¹ is given a long list of propositions condemned in 1277 by Stephen Tempier, Archbishop of Paris, and among these there occurs twice the rejection of the opinion that each angel is specifically different from every other. This we find in numbers 81 and 96: *Quod, quia intelligentiæ non habent materiam, Deus non potest facere plures ejusdem speciei. Quod Deus non potest multiplicare individua sub una specie sine materia.* Denifle, in his note to the first of these numbers, says that no manuscript contains the addition, *Contra Fratrem Thomam*; on the other side, and on other grounds, Jourdain, in his *Philosophie de S. Thomas*, argues for the probability that the condemnation was aimed at St. Thomas, for such is the testimony of Geoffroy des Fontaines.² In any case the censures, though repeated at Oxford under Robert Kilwardby, Archbishop of Canterbury, have no infallible authority, and a proposition condemned in one connexion may be quite uncondemned in another. Hence many continue to teach that several angels under one species could not be created. It is not needful to enter into the subtleties just mentioned: for us it is enough to see what Fathers and scholastics meant when they said that God alone was quite incorporeal, and that angels were not. We must recognize that, while our own account of angelic spirits may be an advance on what went before it, nevertheless it leaves much that is obscure, defective, and open to controversy. Moreover, we should, at the same time, observe that the Patristic opinion was not erroneous as

¹ Vol. i. pp. 543, seq.

² *Philosophie de S. Thomas*, vol. ii. pp. 49, 380.

one ignorant of its meaning might rashly infer. To the uninitiated, it sounds very dreadful to hear talk of God and the angels being corporeal; but the horror is dispelled when it is seen what was aimed at under the term bodily. Here appears the advantage of patiently tracing a Christian doctrine in its development through successive generations; indeed the only way of judging the nature of the development is by observing its progress in historic records. What does happen in the Church is often the only guide to what can happen consistently with the terms of the divine constitution.

From all that has been narrated a very false conclusion to draw would be that the radical difference between matter and spirit has really found no vindication in the Catholic schools. For be it observed, the obscurity in the controversy among scholastics lies in ultimate analyses, and in the validity or the invalidity of the Aristotelian distinction of matter and form. Now even though the point should remain not determined by general consent, there still would exist a full agreement that the phenomena of matter and the phenomena of spirit bespeak two substances quite diverse in species; as a man who knows no chemical analyses may settle for himself that chalk is not of the same kind with cheese—in which comparison, of course, it is the less which is used to illustrate the greater.

J. R.

Catholic Philosophy and the Lawyer.

THERE is probably no department of learning so entirely and unconditionally surrendered to the specialist, as the study of Law. We find amateurs in almost every art and science, but not in Law. Quacks and empirics abound in every other profession, the Law enjoys immunity even from these. The lawyer, as a thinker, dwells apart in solitary grandeur. He speaks much and copiously, but it is in a strange tongue; he writes, and his works fill vast libraries, but, except to the initiated, they are as though they were not.

No doubt there is much dignity and much impressiveness in this splendid isolation, but it is purchased at a heavy price: for, despite his gravity and consideration, the lawyer is the pariah of the intellectual world. If on the one hand he may regard his retirement as voluntary, it is equally true to say that he has been banished by a unanimous vote. No one, if asked to enumerate the great thinkers of the past century, would dream of mentioning, by the side of Darwin, Hegel, or Comte, the names of Austin, Maine, or Savigny. No one interests himself in the lawyer's speculations. The cold world turns a hard suspicious eye upon his very claim to be ranked as a thinker at all. The representative lawyers of the vulgar are Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, with, perhaps, a "hanging" Judge at the Old Bailey, and it may be doubted whether the learned take a much more sympathetic view. When the late Lord Bowen died, after a brilliant career as advocate and judge, many journals mourned grievously over what they were pleased to call a great mind lost to the world. It is hard to explain an attitude so lacking at once in intelligence and sympathy, but it serves to illustrate the depth of the chasm which has opened between the lawyer and his intellectual kind.

Such a state of things is in every sense unsatisfactory, involving as it does both parties in a common loss, and it is the more to be regretted from the entire absence of any good or

sufficient reason. For the divorce between Law and Philosophy is essentially unnatural, the dividing chasm has not always yawned. To the common objection that the subject of Law presents a multiplicity of detail so vast and complicated as to scare away the most hardy explorer, there is an easy answer. The whole difficulty arises from the fact that until recent times, at least in England, the methods of legal study have been in the highest degree unscientific, that Jurisprudence (using the term in the sense of a science of Law) has been to all intents and purposes neglected. So entirely were the older English jurists without a scientific method, that Blackstone, perhaps the greatest of them, fails to draw a fundamental distinction between the laws of Parliament and the laws of digestion. Now once given that Law is no more than an appalling mass of statutes, cases, and rules of procedure, we may allow that its exclusion from the humane world of Philosophy must be permanent. But, on the contrary, if there be indeed a science of Law, a science which investigates the comparatively few and simple ideas which underlie the infinite variety of legal rules, the position is at once altered. The chasm disappears, and we have provided a common ground upon which Lawyer and Philosopher may amicably meet and converse, to their very great and mutual profit.

Now, we have the certain assurance of facts, that this idea of introducing the lawyer into the wider world of letters is essentially a sound and practical one. The history of thought under the Roman Empire provides us with an example of its successful accomplishment, and its accomplishment, be it remarked, at the very moment when for the first time Jurisprudence had attained its natural place in the curriculum of Roman legal study. Sir Henry Maine writes thus of the period in question :

Ancient intellect was forcibly thrust back into its old courses, and Law became no less exclusively the proper sphere for talent than it had been in the days when the Roman despised philosophy as the toys of a childish race. Of what nature were the external inducements which, during the Imperial period, tended to draw a man of inherent capacity to the pursuits of the jurisconsult may best be understood by considering the option which was practically before him in his choice of a profession. He might become a teacher of rhetoric, a commander of frontier posts, or a professional writer of panegyrics. The only other walk of active life which was open to him was the practice of the Law. Through that lay the approach to wealth, to fame, to office, to the council chamber of the monarch—it may be, to the very throne itself.¹

¹ *Ancient Law*, c. ix.

This period, because it has given few great names to literature, is not unfrequently regarded as one of intellectual inanition. Nothing could be further from the truth. It was precisely at this time, that the Roman, in the elaboration of a scientific body of Law, made his one original contribution to the sum of human knowledge. In Law alone he ceased to follow Greek models, and thought for himself. A line of great jurists extends almost unbroken from Trajan to Justinian, and is, perhaps, scarcely to be paralleled as an example of sustained intellectual effort. And the lawyers of this period, far from holding aloof from the life of thought of the day, loudly proclaimed themselves common citizens with the philosopher and the poet in the republic of letters. Cicero does not strictly come within the category, and, as a lawyer, enjoyed but small reputation; his testimony, however, is not without weight. He writes¹ that the study of Law must be derived from the depths of philosophy, and that, by an examination of the human mind and of human society principles may be discovered in comparison with which the rules of positive law are of little importance. Ulpian, again, one of the very greatest names in Roman Law, claims for himself and his professional brethren that they are "the priests of Justice, engaged in the pursuit of a philosophy that is truly such and no counterfeit."

But the contrast between the intellectual position of the Roman lawyer and that of his brother of to-day is nowhere so well illustrated as in the letters of Pliny the younger. These delightful letters belong to a class of historical documents of which *Pepys' Diary* and the *Mémoires of St. Simon* are types, documents so vivid and realistic, that they have well been likened to rents in the curtain of time through which we catch the glance of living eyes looking back at us. They show us the life of realities, or, at least, one side of it, of the age of Trajan, and introduce us, among many other interesting people, to some real Roman lawyers. Pliny was a lawyer himself, a barrister with a sound practice, and his letters are full of law. He writes long and technical accounts to his legal friends, of important causes in which he has appeared, and publishes them in a volume presumably intended for the general reader. But side by side with these professional matters, there is scarcely a question of science, art, or philosophy current at the time, but what finds intelligent and sometimes enthusiastic consideration. It would come to us as a shock to find, for example, in books such as

¹ *De Officiis*, c. vi.

Twiss' *Life of Lord Eldon*—that model of a legal biography—or, Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, anything in the least degree corresponding to Pliny's description of his Corinthian bronze. "What has a Lord Chancellor to do with sculpture?" we should say, "What business has a lawyer meddling in this way with art?" And yet to educated men of Pliny's day there seemed nothing extraordinary in the catholicity of his interests. They regarded the lawyer in the same light as any other learned man, and would amicably discuss with him matters of a legal character at the dinner table or round the baths. He was not, as now, an alien and an outcast, but an honoured member of the world of letters.

And the possibility of such an intercourse was by no means facilitated by greater simplicity in the character of the Law. The body of Roman Law which has actually come down to us is not of any great bulk, but we know that literally tons upon tons of legal works must have perished, that what remains is an infinitesimal fraction of the whole. It is certain that even as compared with our own unwieldy conglomeration of statute and case law, the system of the Romans was infinitely more complex. With us it is only the decisions of a judge of the High Court that have any weight as law, with the Romans the opinions of eminent jurists (at one period even though holding no legal office whatever) were binding as precedents. And, as authors, the jurists were remarkably prolific, and thought little of producing a work in a hundred and fifty books on some minute point of procedure. We may, then, be tolerably certain that the intercourse of lawyer and philosopher was not founded upon the simple character of the Law.

It rested solely and entirely upon the simple fact, that the Roman lawyers had risen to a conception of a science of Law, of a science dealing with those legal principles which exist independently of the institutions of any particular country. They called this science "*Jurisprudentia*." It is precisely the neglect of it by modern, and especially by modern English, lawyers, with the consequent empiricism in the study of law that has brought about the complete and unnatural estrangement between the lawyer and the man of letters.

A few words as to the nature of this science will make its value more apparent. Professor Holland, whose work on *Jurisprudence* marks an epoch in the study of the subject in England, illustrates its character and scope by an ingenious

comparison.¹ He likens it to the undertaking of certain Greek scholars of Alexandria who, by observing and tabulating parts of speech, inflections, moods, and syntax, invented a grammar under the formulæ of which all the phenomena of any language would find an appropriate place. They looked beyond the form to the idea which, though variously expressed, was found universally occurring. For example, they neglected the various forms of the possessive case to seize upon the fact that in every family of human speech the possessive idea has found some expression. And so with the student of Jurisprudence: taking for his subject-matter a series of complex legal systems, he draws from them, by a process of abstraction and comparison, certain fundamental principles which everywhere underlie and give reason to the mass. These principles must, from the nature of the case, be broad and simple. They require no technical training to be comprehended, for they must of necessity be based upon general principles of morality. They lie equally within the province of the lawyer and of the philosopher.

The word Jurisprudence to the modern ear has a somewhat vague and indefinite ring; and with reason, for few expressions have been so often and so flagrantly misapplied. We hear, for example, of Medical Jurisprudence, and of Equity Jurisprudence, when nothing further is intended than the branches of law which relate to these subjects. For this reason a substitute has been proposed in the coined word "Nomology," which has at least the merit of clearness, and perhaps more fully expresses the comprehension of the science. The scholastic triple division of philosophy easily provides a place for Nomology by the side of Ethics in the order of practical sciences. If we may define Ethics as the science of the conformity of human conduct to a type, Nomology would be that which deals with the conformity of actions to rules.

The terms *right* and *duty*, says Professor Holland, are common to both Ethics and Nomology; the former science, in accordance with its more inward nature, looks rather to duties which are binding on the conscience, the latter looks to the rights which are the elements of social life.

But the point upon which we desire most to insist in connection with this science of Law is that it forms a common

¹ Holland, *Jurisprudence*.

ground, a no-man's-land, between Law and Philosophy. The old difficulty of complexity vanishes ; the gates of the forbidden legal city are cast wide open for all who will to enter, and the man of law, stript of his cloak of technicalities, is found to be, after all, but one of the great crowd of patient thinkers, a seeker after truth in devious ways.

And we venture to believe that the gain to Philosophy, this connection once well established, would be very great. The practical spirit of the day has no great love for abstract speculation in any form, and the philosopher stands in no little danger of being summarily dismissed as a relic of antiquity by the apostles of an electric age. Now, could he claim kinship with so majestic and eminently useful a personage as, shall we say, a judge of the Supreme Court, these outcries of the ignoble modern crowd would be silenced for ever. He would participate in that dignity and consideration of which, among thinkers, the lawyer enjoys almost a monopoly. He would be saved from the charge of hair-splitting, and dealing in thin theories, from his association with the most practical of all professions.

This perhaps may be regarded as fanciful, but there remains a further benefit, the real importance of which few will question. For the advent of the lawyer would mean the application to philosophic thought of some of the keenest and most powerful minds of the age. Now the legal mind is essentially sober ; the lawyer is of all thinkers the most sane ; and sanity, sobriety of thought, seems sadly wanting in many, and those the most popular, schools of modern Philosophy. The lawyer must, from the necessity of his position, be a sane thinker. His profession requires of him that he carry on long and complicated processes of reasoning upon the correctness of which the most momentous issues hang. His position in this respect is probably unique. For the metaphysician, for the mathematician, even for the scientist, the penalty of error is in most cases comparatively slight, their failures are easily rectified. But the reasoning of the lawyer must be carried on under widely different circumstances ; upon the correctness of his argumentation may depend the happiness or misery, the prosperity or ruin, perhaps even the very life of a fellow-creature. Men in this position do not trifle with reason, they dare not cast irreverent doubt upon the validity of that instrument which they see must decide such awful

issues. And we may well believe that their attitude in Philosophy to those who do deny, would be one of stern and unbending hostility.

And this leads us naturally to the consideration of a further advantage attending the proposed coalition, which, though it more particularly affects Scholastic Philosophy, is none the less real. It is to be remarked that the field of pure Philosophy has already suffered invasion at the hands of aliens; its inviolable wall no longer stands intact. The votaries of physical science, in a vast host, have poured in, making day hideous with their evolutionary war-cry. Like the *sans-culottes* of Paris in the Tuileries, they are brandishing the red cap of revolution before the grave face of the metaphysician, and in his very home. The late Professor Huxley was, we take it, the representative of a new type, that of the biological-philosopher. Now the element thus introduced has been particularly hostile to scholasticism. It is a curious but undoubted fact that in all ages those who have devoted themselves to the study of natural science have been conspicuous for scepticism. We find them so characterized by Aristotle, and in our own day the antagonism between science and belief is regarded as inevitable. And so it has come about that the Catholic Philosopher—the only modern champion of the grey-haired wisdom of antiquity—must not only make good his ground against the armies of Idealism, but is taken in the rear by the terrific onslaught of the Materialist. Surely it is no slight gain, if in such a pass he can find, in the lawyer, a staunch and capable ally.

And it would seem that of necessity the battlefield of philosophy must widen, for the attack is now directed at the very foundations of the temple of Truth, and all who make therein a dwelling must out and take their share. The ideological questions round which, for the most part, the struggle now rages, are fundamental. The point at issue is vital to all who think and trust the conclusions of their reason—and to no one is it more vital than to the lawyer. He, as we have said, must submit to the test of reason the dearest possessions of his fellow-men. How, then, can he remain indifferent to a philosophy which paralyzes and renders futile the very first principles of reason, which identifies existence with non-existence and declares that contradictories are but partial expressions of one all-embracing whole. We have tried to show that the door is

open for the lawyer to enter, if he will, the field of philosophy ; surely we have here a motive with which to goad him thither.

It has been assumed that once there, he would take the scholastic side in the battle. With regard to those first principles of knowledge, the discussion of which has, since the time of Descartes, occupied a continually increasing portion of our philosophical treatises, the assumption is surely well justified. But we fancy that in other and less vital questions he would be equally an ally. There is much in the general tone of thought of Scholastic Philosophy to attract the legal mind ; we may instance its reverence for the human intellect and that delight in referring to common sense which we find insisted upon so strongly as a leading characteristic. Again, the completeness of detail with which it has been elaborated, its observance of method, its desire to give clear and distinct answers where such answers are possible, would all be eminently congenial to the lawyer. That last mentioned characteristic he would find not only in full accordance with his habit of thought, but moreover of very great and practical value. It is surprising with what a number of difficult philosophical questions the lawyer has directly to deal, and, as a rule, how embarrassing he finds them. For example, the famous metaphysical problem of the heap of stones forms, if we remember rightly, the subject-matter of a leading case in the Law of Contract, while in Criminal Law psychological difficulties of the most baffling description have to be resolved. Sir James Stephen attempts to decide where precisely criminal liability commences, between the state of mental derangement of the man with a mild hallucination, and that of the lunatic who thinks his fellow-creatures glass bottles which he has a vocation to break.

Indeed it requires but a very superficial acquaintance with this branch of Law to realize how greatly it suffers from the absence of what we may call an official philosophy to which to refer. Considering the chaotic state of modern philosophy, the lawyer can hardly be blamed for refusing it his confidence. But we find in consequence a most unphilosophical method of procedure, a nervous clinging to the purely objective which sometimes borders on the ludicrous. For a long time the Law utterly refused to hold a man guilty of another's death unless in some way he had touched him ; it required, in technical language, a "battery" to be proved. And so, as the illustration went, the wicked heir who shouted suddenly in the ear of his

rich uncle, whom he knew to be suffering from advanced heart disease, was allowed to escape unpunished. Again, in crimes which include a special intention, and in attempts, the same clumsiness and hesitation is observable. It has puzzled generations of lawyers to decide whether the man who shot at a log, in the full belief that it was his neighbour's head, could be convicted of attempt to murder. These examples serve at least to show that the lawyer stands in real need of a strong philosophical hand to guide him.

The likeness in tone of thought between the lawyer and the Catholic philosopher might, did space allow, be further illustrated in the matter of pure Logic. The scholastic conception of Logic as an "organon"—an instrument—its business-like disregard of many questions of merely speculative interest, could hardly fail to win the approval of the man of law. A most striking parallel, it seems to us, might be drawn between certain characteristic features of the English Law of Evidence and the Logic of the Schools. But we believe that enough has been said to show that between these two outcasts of modern thought (for the scholastic must admit that he too is exiled) there is a real and necessary bond of sympathy. The subject is not of so purely an academic character as might at first appear, it has a very real and practical aspect. The late Father Thomas Harper, S.J., in the introduction to his monumental work, *The Metaphysics of the Schools*, tells us that he found courage to undertake it, in the thought and belief that the time was not far distant when the world would awaken to the value of that system of Philosophy which alone has stood the test of time. And it is, we think, in no way fanciful to suppose that that awakening may first appear in the threatened realm of Law.

R. P. G.

*A Curious and Original History of the Jesuits in England.*¹

ON the last day of March, a publisher's announcement informed the public that he was about to issue a *History of the Jesuits in England*, which was founded on "original" research, and contained "much curious information from the State Papers and from private sources." As far as punctuality went, he was as good as his word. The book has come; but whether it corresponds with the description is another matter. There is hardly a page which will not give pain to some Catholics. The "curious" matter is not of a sort which is likely to satisfy. Of originality there is little, though at the outset we seem to be confronted with a notable exception.

On opening Father Taunton's book we are at once struck by the frontispiece. It sets before us an old and somewhat grim cleric. By his dress and by the escutcheon in the right hand corner we see that he was a foreign prelate, either a bishop or an abbot with the right to crozier and mitre. From the date inscribed on the other side we see that this reverend gentleman had his portrait painted in the year 1622. Father Taunton, by his label at the foot of the page, introduces this grave ecclesiastic to us as "Robert Parsons, S.J., 1546—1610." Thus does our author graphically, emphatically, and from the first give us the exact measure of his volume. It is the portrait of the wrong man. He describes his volume in one pregnant phrase, "Robert Parsons *is* the History of the English Jesuits" (p. viii). The frontispiece gives us the equally pregnant corrective, "*This is not* Robert Parsons." A gross error has been made about the identity of the person portrayed as concerns his bodily lineaments, and we are forewarned to expect errors not less grave in dealing with the infinitely more complex problems of his soul.

¹ *A History of the Jesuits in England*. By the Rev. E. L. Taunton. Demy 8vo. 21s. nett. London: Methuen, 1901.

The book, in fact, represents a man, a villain for whom no condemnation could be too severe. He corresponds to some one's ideas about Parsons, and he is labelled with that name. In truth he is not Parsons at all.

Father Taunton is of course not really guilty of any originality in the matter of the picture. He has only copied the mistake made by some enterprising manufacturer of antiques, who published this print in comparatively modern times, and printed the name of Parsons at its foot without telling us his reasons, though it is easy to conjecture what they may have been. At all events he retained the date and escutcheon of the original sitter, in face of which no serious student can plead a valid excuse for being deceived by a label.

Turning to this history "founded on original research," our first inquiries are naturally directed to discover what new historical sources have been laid under contribution, what new materials have been utilized. Most readers, I fear, will peruse the book from end to end without noticing any fresh additions to the materials already furnished in the works of well known authors. But upon careful investigation, we come upon certain passages, which appear not to have been printed before. They are very few and singularly valueless, but they must not be overlooked, and shall be referred to again.

In truth, originality is not the characteristic feature of the volume. Its essential features, its principal arguments and conclusions, the plan of treatment, are all borrowed from others, and the scheme thus mapped out is illustrated by documents made known to us by the researches of previous writers. Had good judgment governed the selection of what is quoted, all would have been well, even though nothing were original. Unfortunately the one original element is furnished by the number and seriousness of the variations made in the stock accusations against those whom the author wishes to impeach, the more influential English Jesuits. For example, as a climax to the accusations which have hitherto been brought against Father Parsons, Father Taunton actually seeks to prove that he "fastened the cord round the neck of Campion." Again, over and above the charges which Protestants like Jardine have made, through their natural inability to understand the Catholic doctrine concerning the seal of Confession, Father Taunton not only confuses still more a question which a priest might be expected to clear, but poisons

the wells, making it well-nigh impossible to explain to our countrymen the doctrine on which all depends.

The quarrel which raged at the close of the sixteenth century between a clerical faction among the secular priests and the Jesuits, is acknowledged to be a sore place in our history. Many, especially clergymen like Tierney, whose relations with their own ecclesiastical superiors are somewhat strained, have been smitten with the desire to tear open the closed wound. But no one, perhaps, has pushed the old far-fetched and invidious conclusions about the supposed desire of dominion, entertained by the Jesuits, further than has our author. Nowhere do we remember to have read so much about "hewers of wood and drawers of water," "subjugation," "string pulling," "dancing puppets," and the rest of it.

These are the sort of originalities which will demand our chief attention, but before turning to them I cannot deny myself the pleasure of complimenting Father Taunton on one graceful act. Parsons' times were coarse in the extreme, and when his enemies set themselves to cry him down, first at Oxford and later during the Appellant controversy, it followed almost as a matter of course that they brought against him accusations of an offensive character. All his modern assailants drop these charges, which would otherwise recoil on their own *protégés*. But while some drop the slanders with a bad grace, first playing and toying with them, Father Taunton does not so much as allude to their existence. Moreover, he claims no credit for his reticence, and so he will get none except from those who know *aliunde* the temptation he had to act otherwise. Would that this act of generosity did not stand nearly alone!

As gross exaggerations of trite accusations against the English Jesuits must needs occupy our attention for the present, the opening chapters of Father Taunton's book shall be only lightly touched upon, the main accusations being more fully discussed as they occur.

The Preface and the first three chapters, then, are more or less introductory. Whether the facts alleged in them be true or false, they should not alter our judgment upon the historical episodes to which he afterwards directs his chief attention. But the principles he here lays down are the principles which he applies throughout, and it may not be amiss to notice these at once. They are the dislike of Rome, of the *Curia*, and of

the Latin races, a settled aversion to the Jesuits, and a novel theory for explaining Father Parsons' character.

The sneers levelled at the Latin races are of the narrow-minded sort, of which we have had a superfluity during the last couple of years. They "keep men in leading-strings" (p. 12), "Liberty to Latins means Licence" (p. 171), "true Latins cannot understand the principle of Personality," and so on. When we hear of "the *Curia*," of "the Italians in the *Curia*," of the "Latin idea of policy," we know what to expect. The Spaniards are regarded with special horror. In one paragraph the *Curia*, we are told, "adopted the system" used by the Spaniards, "who could not endure discussion or publicity; centralization was the ideal; routine the practice; the rights of the people were ignored" (p. 8. Cf. 10, 52, 80, &c.).

What Father Taunton means by the *Curia* and "Rome," he is careful not to define, but he goes so far as to describe the "natural effect" of its malpractices in the words, "Luther was driven into heresy" (p. 6).¹

The animus against the Society of Jesus is manifest from the first. They are "the apostles of the rich and influential" (p. 11). Their professors, "brilliant, if not solid, substituted Infusion (*sic*) for Education" (p. 11). Their system of blind obedience was "founded to bring about the Absolutism of Authority" (p. 7). This "makes them akin (strange though it may seem) to that Puritan strain, so often found in those doing or desirous of doing great things. There was a sense of Election; and together with this an exclusion of any possibility of doubt as to the advisability of their ends and means" (pp. 7, 8). At the moment of their institution, sagacious men foresaw that they would form an "*Imperium in Imperio*" (p. 9), they "sought to direct the Church, to tune the pulpits and professorial chairs, to influence men's minds in the confessional, and going outside the purely religious sphere, to enter into the stormy regions of secular politics, and to renew the face of the earth after their own ideas" (p. 10).²

¹ Father Taunton has written to the *Catholic Times* (April 19, 1901, p. 3), to protest that he holds "no opinion not in the strictest accord with the teaching of Holy Church." As, however, he speaks of his history as "a work which has taken several years, and which has sentences written, corrected, altered, and weighed with scrupulous care" (*Ibid.*), he would not seem to use words with much reference to their meaning.

² No authorities are quoted, but on one occasion approving reference is made to M. Herrman (*sic*) Müller's "theory that St. Ignatius derived the essential

The reader sees that novelty is not the characteristic of these opinions. They have been the stock in trade of anti-Jesuit writers for centuries. They may also have been borrowed from the low-class politicians of those Latin races whose higher clergy Father Taunton holds in such contempt.

The third point in these introductory chapters to which we would draw attention, is the process by which Father Taunton establishes to his own satisfaction the curious fact that Robert Parsons, before his conversion to Catholicity, was a Puritan, and remained one "in mental attitude" until his death. Of this discovery our author is not a little proud. He draws special attention to it in his Preface (p. viii.), and he reverts to it again and again during the course of his story, as though it made clear to demonstration problems which had hitherto remained insoluble. *Solvitur risu* is doubtless the best mode of reply to so fantastic and preposterous a theory. But we must also consider the subject from the historian's point of view. He will ask what evidence there may be for this wonderful fact; and he will be answered that there is none; while there are at least three first-hand witnesses against it. There is Parsons' brother, who was with him at Oxford.¹ There is Parsons' own *Autobiography*, which tells a different tale. Our author, with his easy way of getting rid of adverse evidence, dismisses this by saying that it was "written late in life" (p. 21). There is also Christopher Bagshaw. He was a reckless adversary of Parsons, and his accusations prove nothing unless supported from other sources. But in this instance his evidence makes against Father Taunton's theory, not for it. He says: "He [Parsons] did profess himself a Protestant . . . with affectation," &c. Father Taunton assumes, firstly, that Protestant must mean Puritan, which, I think, is an error, and secondly, that "he professed himself with affectation" is synonymous with "he believed with sincerity," which is by no means evident, and does not accord with Bagshaw's desire of convicting Parsons of "want of religion" (p. 22). But Father Taunton thus extends Bagshaw's words: "For a time Parsons gave himself up to Puritanism. It was a natural resource for a character like his. Why struggle with Fate? Once convinced of Election, . . .

features of his Society from certain Mohammedan sects" (p. 9). Herrman Müller's proofs collapse when examined; these sects began long after the Society was founded. See *THE MONTH*, November, 1899.

¹ Foley, *Records*, vi. 680.

he became an Apostle of the New Light, and tried to propagate the tenets of Calvin" (p. 21). This is not the way to write history, and whether Parsons did all this or not, it would make no difference in our estimate of his deeds as a Catholic, when he had anathematized Protestantism and all its works.

We now come to the chapters in which Father Taunton treats of the part taken by Father Parsons in the politics of the English Catholics from 1583 onwards. His chief authority is Father Knox's *Letters and Memorials of Cardinal Allen*, and he may fairly claim to have made his story fuller and more up to date than that told by the Oratorian Father, for he has had the advantage of being able to quote the later volumes of the *Calendars of State Papers, Spanish Series*, which have been recently published. In every other respect his account is unworthy of comparison with Father Knox's work. But its greatest fault is that it is one-sided and narrow-minded, where breadth of view was absolutely essential to an understanding of the whole.

For surely if there is one thing which every school-boy (to use Macaulay's phrase) knows about the English Catholics under Elizabeth, it is that they were most grievously persecuted, that unmerited suffering was their daily lot and coloured every circumstance of their lives. Father Taunton, however, sets himself from the first to write a history in which this shall be omitted, and that plan faithfully carried out explains better than anything else, why the result of his labours has been to write fiction and not history.

He commences his Preface with the words, "I deal with the subject of the Jesuits only in so far as they belong to English History. With their purely domestic affairs I have but little to do" (p. i). As the reader continues his reading, he finds that with the sufferings of the Jesuits he appears to have as little to do,¹ as with their domestic life, and with the sufferings of the English Catholics in general, nothing at all.

Yet the persecution of the English Catholics is precisely that which explains their policy and their plans. At the time

¹ On page 13 he says of Campion and other Jesuit martyrs, "Campion and his followers, . . . who did not hesitate to seal their convictions with their blood, do not present so interesting a picture to the general reader as do the others. They are to be admired in the sanctuary of the Conscience, and the tribute of honest reverence is their due. But Parsons, Garnett, and Petre are names of men who had to do with the making of English History; and it is necessary that their lives be set forth in a clear and steady light."

when this history opens, they had been groaning under persecution for a whole generation, with but one short break, and the temptation or hope of repelling force by force (the only apparent remedy) had been constantly before them. It is well-nigh impossible for us in our happier days to conceive the state of things which brought it about that some sort of an appeal to force was sanctioned by leading Catholics from the first, by Fisher and Pole, by Stapleton and Sander, by Owen Lewis, by Ely and by Allen, long before Parsons had anything to do with the matter. *Mutatis mutandis*, our Protestant fellow-countrymen claim a similar right for themselves, and venerate the Revolution of 1688 as "glorious," because it was the successful assertion of precisely the same principle.

From these premisses this at least must follow: first, that *all* recourse to force is *not necessarily* unpatriotic, and secondly, that no recourse to force, under circumstances such as those just related, can be adequately explained without carefully considering the previous provocation.

I have no reason to believe that Father Taunton or any one else will object to these conclusions, and it is not my purpose at present to push my defence of Father Parsons any further. His invocation of an appeal to arms was not *necessarily* unpatriotic, and cannot be fairly judged until the provocative causes are allowed for. The all-sufficient reason for stopping here, is this, that materials are still wanting, from which a satisfactory judgment on the matter can be formed. To say nothing of the inedited or only partially edited letters of Parsons at Rome, Simancas, and in other archives, especially those of his Order, it will always be impossible to judge of this man apart from his times. This is true of all leaders of men, and especially of leaders who, like Parsons, came to the leadership long after the formation of his party. Again, the wide distribution of that party (for English exiles were scattered all over Europe), warns us that restriction of view must be more than ordinarily deceptive.

One of the worst misrepresentations of which Father Taunton is guilty (no doubt, unconsciously), is to write about the history of the English Catholics, as if it were an episode in the life of Parsons. "The personality of Parsons," he declares, "overshadows the whole book" (p. viii.). Popes, clergy, and laity are represented as puppets of the Jesuit,

mainly because he knows of them only through writers, who (for whatever reason) make Parsons and the Jesuits their chief study. Elaborate studies of the man may wisely be postponed until we know more about the Church and the people, whom Parsons served as well as guided. Otherwise confusion will be but worst confounded, and the Church will appear to be Jesuit-ridden by the very force of the arguments which are employed to prove the contrary.

Until, then, something of this sort has been done, our only course, it seems, is to "mark time." During the war, our generals have often been cut to the heart by the necessity of refusing the risk of battle, and of allowing a rashly exposed garrison or outpost to be bombarded and overwhelmed in a manner quite contrary to the orthodox rules of war—or left in dire extremity until relief could be attempted without hazard to the main cause. So too with Father Parsons. It is pitiful for us to see the way in which Father Taunton directs fire upon him from every coign of vantage. But after all, Parsons has the defence afforded by the esteem of Popes and other friends. This has long upheld his reputation, and until the full truth be known, he can have no better protection. If he is especially exposed to attack for his political action, his own daring and initiative are largely responsible for his hazardous position. Assuredly he did not do everything he could have done to extricate himself betimes. The cause he fought for is better defended by leaving him unsupported for the present, than by attempting a rescue, with means that are confessedly insufficient.

But while we offer no set defence for the particular political plans advocated by Father Parsons, we must protest against the unfairness of one line of attack upon him. Father Taunton insinuates that Father Parsons provoked the persecution, under which the Catholics suffered, though in reality it had raged for a score of years before his mission began. Once at least, as I have said, our author formally accuses him and his accomplices of "fastening round Campion's neck the fatal cord" (p. 83). Surely this is an altogether unfair and unworthy charge to throw out at haphazard, without a semblance of proof to substantiate it. Fortunately the refutation is extremely obvious. We have the indictment on which Campion was condemned, we have even the draft of an indictment, which was rejected because not plausible enough. We have also the examinations, and the reports of the trial.

In none of them are Parsons' political doings brought forward as matter of accusation. Parsons had not in fact taken any part in Catholic politics at that time.¹ Father Taunton's accusation is therefore wholly devoid of foundation in fact. Nay more, in later years, when the persecuting Government had found out something about Father Parsons' negotiations, we find that, instead of harassing the martyrs specifically on that account, it brutally adopted the practice of prosecuting them, as Father Taunton himself phrases it, "for the mere crime of Catholic priesthood" (p. 170).

We now come to the second great topic which Father Taunton's researches are intended to illustrate, the supposed schemes of the English Jesuits to "subjugate the clergy," which forms the main theme of his seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters. Lest we should seem to treat the subject with unbecoming levity, let us quote, in his own words, the picture of the would-be oppressor.

"Parsons was now in the zenith of his career. Not a Cardinal himself, he was able to move some of the Sacred College, and even the Pope himself, as so many chess-men upon the board of his schemes. But his influence with the latter was more indirect. Working under cover, Parsons obtained most of his triumphs through the Spanish Ambassador, and thus gave an importance to his objects which they would not have had of themselves. Given a free hand by his General, for a few months he reigned supreme. Surely to himself Predestination was justified; for did not the Elect now possess the land" (p. 233).

Having the Spanish Ambassador "always at his elbow" (p. 264), and the Pope and Cardinals moving about like chess-men, we next hear that this remarkable person, while "stretching out his arms over the Continent," also matured his plans for taking possession of England. "So sure was he of ultimate success that certain localities had been already fixed up [*sic*] as colleges and residences for the Society in England. With that grim humour he often displays, Parsons fixed upon Burghley's own house in the Strand as the residence of the Jesuit Superior. Cambridge and Oxford, Norwich, Coventry, Chester and Bristol, with a dozen other places, were already allotted as Jesuit settlements" (p. 237).

¹ For the date at which he began to take part in them (March, 1582), see *THE MONTH*, September, 1899.

We promised at the commencement of this article to draw attention to the fresh historical materials which had been brought to light by Father Taunton's "original research." In this last quotation we have a striking example of his discoveries. He follows it up with four full pages of the same sort of stuff, derived from the same authentic source, an anonymous intelligencer, a nameless spy, of whom the best that we can say is that we do not quite know the measure of his untrustworthiness. Highly flavoured and unreliable spy-reports such as these are, so far as I can see, the *only* additions to our store of historical material with which our author can be credited. But for the harm this wild talk is bound to do, it would be exceedingly amusing.

To return to Father Parsons' marvellous "day-dreams." To put "the whole point in a nut-shell," says our author (p. 172), "the question we have to face is this: 'Did the Jesuits aim at subjugating the clergy, and, through them, the laity?'" (*Ibid*).

This, he says, "is indirectly denied by Jesuit writers" (*Ibid*). Not so. We deny it directly and absolutely. Of the alleged proofs of such a policy it will be sufficient to say that they always prove something different from that which they are supposed to prove, and sometimes they prove the exact contrary. For instance, a memorial written by Father Holt is quoted by Father Taunton, as a "very explicit statement" of the "settled and systematized policy of the Jesuits" (p. 172) to subjugate the clergy; whereas the whole document is an argument for placing Bishops in England, and putting an Englishman in the Papal *curia*, as adviser on English matters.¹ Surely the very programme which Father Taunton would wish to have been carried out.

As for the other "facts," upon which Father Taunton relies, what strikes us most is their want of agreement with the heavy head-line, SUBJUGATING THE CLERGY, under which they are ranged. That, as they stand, they are not complimentary to Father Parsons, will not cause any astonishment. They illustrate, or appear to illustrate, faults of various sorts, but even when these seem to be least defensible, their connection with the subjugation of the clergy is neither driven home, nor indeed so much as indicated.

Father Taunton says about Queen Elizabeth (though the

¹ *Records of the English Catholics*, vol. i. p. 384.

remark is inserted with singular want of point on p. 258), "there is no need to give a sinister turn to everything the great English Queen did." Quite so. Why then give this sinister turn to actions of Parsons?

Our next topic of importance is the Gunpowder Plot (chapter x.). In regard of this our author, having been previously led astray, perhaps by Tierney's bad example, commits the very gross offence of bringing a charge of perjury, quite wantonly, against another. The occasion is this: he has adopted the idea that Father Garnet was not a martyr for the seal of confession, but was put to death for concealing extra-sacramental knowledge of the Plot. To establish this he works backwards, to this effect. The communication made to Garnet by Greenway was extra-sacramental, if the original communication made by Catesby to Greenway was not under the sacramental seal. But Catesby's communication was made outside the sacrament, *ergo*.

Though fault might be found with this argumentation (for Greenway *might* have told Garnet *sub sigillo*, without reference to Catesby's confession), yet we may say, *transeat*, "let it pass," because it is not denied that Greenway claimed to have consulted Garnet in virtue of Catesby's confession.

Clearly, then, everything depends on Catesby's confession. Garnet's cause, as here considered, stands and falls with it. Father Taunton maintains that "the whole evidence" proves that Catesby did not communicate with Greenway in confession, but under the secret of the conspirators' oath only. The last clause we may neglect, for no attempt to prove it is essayed, and we turn to the consideration of "the whole evidence."

Now the evidence is partly first-hand, partly second-hand. The first-hand evidence consists of statements by Father Greenway himself, some written down in his still extant autograph at Stonyhurst, some spoken by word of mouth, his words being recorded by Eudæmon Joannes. Accurate references to them will be found in Lingard (Edit. 1883, vol. vii., Appendix D). There is also evidence at second-hand from Garnet and others.

But the "whole evidence" in Father Taunton's mind means something very different. It consists of an erroneous deduction of his own from statements which have no true connection with the matter. His words are:

On both occasions when Catesby spoke of the matter to Garnet, the latter says: "He offered to tell me of his plot; the first time he said he had not leave, but would get leave; the second he had gotten leave, but I refused to know, considering the prohibition I had," &c. There is here a clear case that Catesby was willing to inform Garnet, but there is no question of any sacramental seal. (p. 294.)

The *whole evidence* therefore, as conceived by Father Taunton, is his own *deduction* from some one else's statements. A fine confusion of ideas to start from! And the deduction is made by altogether illicit reasoning. "There was no question of sacramental confession." How does that prove that there would not have been one, had the conversation continued? Or if Catesby had leave to confide to Garnet under oath of secrecy, how did that stop his speaking to Greenway under the seal of the sacrament?

I should be the last to affect any irritation with our author for his errors of reasoning, or for his preferring his own surmises to the arguments and conclusions of authorities like Lingard. But what follows is less easily forgiven. Father Taunton cannot ignore the existence of the first-hand evidence, which would instantly crush the life out of his theory, were it allowed its proper weight. He does not forget that Greenway deposed, "upon his salvation," that Catesby did come to confession to him, and to avoid the force of this evidence, he would have us believe that Greenway *perjured* himself. Wantonly, therefore, and gratuitously, he *poisons the wells* of information. He calmly asserts that Father Greenway *quibbled in his oath*, and he furnishes from his inner consciousness the details of the quibble,¹ telling us what was at the back of Greenway's mind and how he excused himself to himself.

The wantonness of this grave offence against ordinary good manners—a practice which would make civilized life an impossibility—may be measured by the triviality of the theory, in support of which it is perpetrated, and also by the cavalier way in which Lingard's authority is dismissed with the remark that the "judicious" reader, from the passage quoted above, "will be forced to the conclusion that Lingard trusted too confidently to Greenway's assertions on his salvation" (p. 294, note).

¹ "At the time when Greenway asserted 'on his salvation,' that he had heard about the plot in the confessional, there was a truth [*sic*]. For although Catesby had not told him in the confessional, Bates, a servant to Catesby, had given him the information under those circumstances. Hence Greenway's assertion must be taken with the mental reservation: 'Bates, I mean, not Catesby.'" (p. 295, note.)

Thus the argument against the claim to consider Garnet a martyr for the seal of confession results in discrediting its inventor. Whether Rome will approve the arguments for the martyrdom is of course a different and a further problem, which is still before its courts, and we shall not attempt to forestall its judgment.

The "judicious reader" will guess without being told that a writer, who allows himself a licence, such as that we have noticed, will also be guilty of numerous other faults in reasoning and criticism. The jumble which is made in Chapter xii. of the condemnation of the "Oath of Allegiance," under King James, the endless blunders about the "doctrine of equivocation," would need far more space for their discussion and correction than can possibly be spared here. Father Garnet's expression, *per modum confessionis*, though perplexing to Protestant historians like Jardine, ought not to have been entirely misunderstood by a Catholic priest. Suffice it here to quote Father Garnet's own words when near his death: "For the matter of *sigillum confessionis*, I spoke as moderately as I could, and as I thought I was bound. If any were scandalized thereat, *it was not my fault but their own*."¹

After our author has given us an account of the death of his Father Parsons, the interest in his story begins to flag.² Occasionally, however, we come upon pages that remind us of the flights of originality adorning his earlier chapters. Our readers will not have forgotten the perspicacity which detected a "Puritan element" in the Jesuit. When the author arrives at the times of the Commonwealth, he makes the still more remarkable discovery that as the Jesuits were Puritans, so, in turn, Puritans were Jesuits; that the Roundheads themselves,

¹ H. Foley, *Records*, vol. iv. p. 104.

² The *status questionis* regarding Parsons was well summed up by the late Mr. Simpson, *Life of Campion*, p. 333: "The most significant figure . . . is Father Parsons, about whom the truth has still to be told, and whose memory demands some patient historian, who shall neither canonise him for his fervour, his zeal, his devotion, and his spiritual insight, nor yet with the Remonstrant priests and Canon Tierney brand him as a liar and a hypocrite. He is really one of those great men who only wanted the element of success to rank him among the greatest; and his failure necessarily laid him open to the triumphant criticism of those who were but dwarfs by his side. It is easy to see now why Parsons failed; why he deserved to fail; how perhaps he must have failed. But if we try to realize his position, to start from his point of departure, and to view his age as he must have seen it, it is difficult to condemn him, or to place one's finger on any one spot of his career, and to say, Here he began to err; here his wisdom was darkened and turned to folly."

those implacable foes of the Scarlet Woman, were, all unwittingly, dominated and directed by the spirit of Parsons, as the Court of Rome had been by the man, when he was in life. "What particular share the Jesuits took in the struggle," says Father Taunton, "we do not know," though, now that we have Father Taunton's history, we can easily imagine. He continues, "The whirlwind sown by Parsons in the first part of the *Book of Succession* was now being reaped. His teaching against the divine right of kings found favour with the Puritans, and part of his¹ book was now² republished by order of the Parliament."³

It seems certain, according to our author, "that in Cromwell's days (1655), they were in alliance with him, giving information about the French Court and the Queen's Court, concerning all matters relating to England and himself" (p. 427). Cromwell's "Jesuit alliance," strange to say, is omitted by Professor Gardiner, Mr. Morley, and other students, who evidently have a good deal to learn. Certainly they will have to rewrite the larger part of their works in order to bring them into line with the remarkable story which our author next proceeds to narrate.

"A Jesuit Father, Nicholas Netterville, was on terms of great intimacy with Cromwell, often dining at his table, and playing chess with him. When Captain Foulkes accused him of being a priest, he said, "I am a priest, and the Lord General knows it, and you may tell all the town about it, and that I will say Mass here every day" (p. 427).

Father Taunton gravely relates this cock-and-bull story as though he believed it, and, moreover, expected others to do so. Such is the New History. This fable without even a rag of verisimilitude to cover its transparent absurdity, which Father Taunton takes from Gilbert's *History of Dublin*, is taken over bodily by Gilbert from that literary Munchausen, Robert Ware, Esq., in whose *Hunting of the Romish Fox*, Father Taunton, if he cares for that kind of thing, will find also other stories still more wonderful, showing that the great Protector was a crypto-Jesuit, and that nothing more gladdened Jesuits' hearts than the execution of Charles I.

¹ I.e., *Some one else's* book, who had borrowed from Parsons.

² In reality some six years *after* the commencement of the whirlwind of civil war.

³ Even this is but a party statement and needs confirmation. (Wood, *Athene Oxonienses*, Edit. Bliss, ii. 71.)

The last episode in the history of the English Jesuits which our author attempts to illustrate is the story of Father Petre at the Court of James II. This too is enlivened in a curious and characteristic manner.

In the *Collection of Scarce and Valuable Tracts, chiefly from the Library of Lord Somers*, are preserved some contemporary squibs on Father Petre. They are cast in the form of letters from Jesuits, and their editor, Sir Walter Scott, bound to give his wares their highest value, says it is "possible, and barely possible, that the first letter may be genuine, but it seems much more likely that it was a forgery. . . . The two additional letters are grossly ironical."¹

Will it be believed that our author quotes *in integro* the letter, which *at best* is probably spurious, and does so without any note of warning whatsoever. From the "gross" forgeries he quotes a page and a half, remarking that they are "generally considered spurious, or at least largely interpolated, but there are passages which are certainly founded on fact" (p. 457). "Certainly founded on fact" is good: it gives us a useful measure whereby to estimate the standard of objective truth which Father Taunton aims at attaining in writing "history."

Though the judicious reader will perhaps have seen enough by this time of the results of Father Taunton's studies, yet a word or two about his methods of describing them are requisite in order to do justice to the peculiar character and thoroughness of his labours. We have already seen that the chief addition, which he brings to our stock of historical materials, are extended forms of spy-reports, which are very startling in respect of the information they profess to give, but afford no sound authority on which to go.

On the other hand, Father Taunton has been at great pains to give his book the appearance of industrious and original research. His pages are duly besprinkled with references to documents at the Record Office (it is a note of unfamiliarity, by the way, that he constantly speaks of it as the State Paper Office). But the discerning student who is really familiar with the arrangements of that institution, will perceive that a considerable proportion of the citations of original papers preserved there, is a mere affectation. Father Taunton has obtained his references, not from a personal examination of the documents themselves, as his footnotes would lead the unwary

¹ *Somers Tracts*, Edit. Scott, ix. 76.

reader to suppose, but chiefly at second-hand, from the *Calendars*, or from the quotations of others. The most ample source of new information which is available for the student of English Catholic affairs during the period in question, is the collection of *Roman Transcripts* at the Record Office, and this material our historian has almost entirely neglected, except when he can be shown to be quoting at second-hand. Indeed, by the references in his footnotes, he has as effectually proved his unfamiliarity with these sources, as a writer would do who professed an intimate acquaintance with Shakespeare, but who cited him habitually by Cantos and Stanzas. If any inquiring student presented himself at the Record Office with Father Taunton's bare references, and asked to see this or that document, to be found amongst the *Roman Transcripts*, he would be politely told that the reference given was meaningless, and that without further details nothing could be done. Of course it is not to be expected that a writer on every occasion should want to examine the original with his own eyes, when there is no reason to distrust the account given of it in the printed Calendar summary. But, then, why the parade of citing from the manuscript itself? Why the announcement in every advertisement of the volume, that "it is founded on original research," and that it contains much curious information from the State Papers and private sources.

To take a single instance, he gives on pp. 77, 96, 100, &c., &c., such references as *S.P.O. (Roman Transcripts)*, vol. i. p. 209, vol. v. p. 472, vol. xv. No. (*sic*) 477. These references are transferred bodily (with variants *bien entendu*) from Father Knox's *Records of English Catholics*, vol. ii., Father Knox of course not being mentioned, and are misunderstood in the transfer. If any inquirer went to the Record Office and asked to be shown vols. i., v., xv., &c., of the *Roman Transcripts*, he would be told, what every student who has really studied this period from original sources knows already, that the bulk of these manuscripts, the *Bliss Transcripts*, from which as a matter of fact the references are taken, are not bound in volumes, but are at present kept in bundles, and arranged according to dates. The volume and page, which Father Taunton has borrowed from Father Knox, refer to *the originals themselves, as they exist in the Vatican or other archives.*

Grave as have been the objections I have raised against Father Taunton's work being considered "history" in the true

sense of the word, I do not wish to leave the reader under the impression that all is as bad as the grave faults, upon which I have commented. This is not the fact: there are minor faults in plenty, which attracted my notice as I read, and a few pages of agreeable reading. Alas that they should be so few and far between! I would also repeat, what I have said before, that though there is much carping that will be painful to a Catholic, and much inaccuracy that will vex a theologian, yet I have noticed no defence of opinions contrary to Catholic doctrine, and also that inaccurate statements made on one page are sometimes balanced by better-worded propositions on another.

A not inapt summary of the impression, which this volume will produce, is given in a sentence which our author quotes with approval, "Historians have never made sufficient allowances for the deliberate lying of witnesses incapable of deception" (p. 160).

To put "the whole point in a nutshell" (p. 172), his readers at any rate will have plenty of opportunity for exercising the particular kind of patience and longanimity which the above aphorism postulates.

J. H. P.

One Woman's Work.

CHAPTER XX.

JOAN could not banish from her thoughts the memory of that look which Baldur had cast at her in the moment of his peril, when his heart was, as it were, laid bare before her. Nor could she disguise from herself the intensity of the agony she had suffered when his life was in danger—an agony which she knew to have been far more keen than what she would have experienced had it been Swithin's life which was hanging in the balance; and yet she could have loved no brother more than she loved Swithin. Still less could she misunderstand Baldur's elation of spirits and joyousness as he walked home with her after the adventure, or ignore the little tokens of closer intimacy which had revealed themselves in every one of his words and actions. She knew as well as if he had told her that that awful moment of peril had revealed her secret thoughts to him as plainly as they had been revealed to herself; and that he had put a construction on the feelings she had betrayed which he must, at all costs, be made to learn was mistaken.

The whole of the afternoon was spent in relating and dilating on the horrors of the morning; till at last it seemed to the poor girl as if her overstrained nerves could no longer bear the tension of the never-ending repetitions of the scene, during which she had to keep buried in the silence of her heart the one feature of the whole adventure which was most terrible to her.

At last she was set free; and towards evening she made her way to the church, there to face life and gain courage and consolation in the presence of God. When she rose from her knees and walked home in the dusk, she felt calm though very far from happy. She saw everything as it was, and not as she had imagined it to be. She saw how she, in her selfish infatuation and self-reliance, had gratified her own pleasure in Baldur's society at the cost of his possible happiness. She did

not excuse herself by pleading that it had never dawned upon her that his feeling for her could be any different from her own for him; for she was conscious that had she been less self-absorbed she ought to and would have known it.

It was true that she still regarded him as a friend—but what a friend! Why, with the prospect before her of the friendship with him being snapped, the light of her life had gone out; and till she had known that she must lose it, she was unaware how much she depended on it and had thriven under its influence. When looking at existence divested of this friendship, the gold and glory which had surrounded her life throughout the past summer was quenched all in a moment, and the future looked terribly grey to her.

She did not even ask herself whether it might not be after all possible for her to marry Baldur; it never occurred to her as even remotely possible. Marriage—if it were her lot to marry—could never be such as that, namely, union with one who could in no way complete her life or help her onward, with whom her soul, in its higher aspects, must ever be at variance, intercourse with whom must petrify or mutilate her inner self, and with whom, in a word, she could never, according to her highest ideal, be one. It had not needed the conversation of the preceding day to make her realize how great was the gulf which lay between them; and had it ever occurred to her that she might be brought to return his love and marry him, it would have been only to put the thought away from her with a promptitude equal to that which would have actuated her had the impediment between them been of a more substantial and legal character. As a matter of fact, the thought did not occur to her.

This, however, did not lessen the pain. She felt sick with pity for herself for the loss of her friend, but far more sick with pity for Baldur—bright, pure-souled Baldur, who having gone through his young life disdainfully spurning from him all ignoble passions, had now set his heart on her with deep content, as on one whom it was good for him to love, and to whom it was good for him to give all that he had best to give. Joan would have done very much to procure the happiness of this friend, and yet it was she who by her narrow-hearted and self-opinionated folly was destined to bring upon him all the pain he would have to endure—a pain and disillusionment which might, God knew, embitter his bright young life and cast

it down from its high standard: for what had he to help him?

It is worse for some people to cause than to endure suffering; and probably this has occasioned a keener pang to some martyrs than either sword or rack. Joan's sole anxiety now was to stave off any actual avowal of his love, and this not for her own sake, but for his. If he could find out his miserable mistake in time, the blow might be easier to bear, and his disappointment less emphasized.

But it was too late! Baldur had appreciated at their full value the feeling both of terror and thanksgiving which Joan had experienced on his account. Probably he had not even overestimated them, for the feeling which she had for him, her friend, was deep; and how was he to draw the distinctions in its nature which she herself drew? All he knew for certain was that at that dreadful moment his safety had been dearer to her than anything else upon earth; and was not that enough? So sure of her love did he feel, that it was only his habitual self-control and reverence for Joan which had restrained him from pouring out his confession of love as they had walked home together. She was so evidently unstrung by what had occurred that he had foreborne to take her by storm.

On that eventful day Joan saw Baldur no more, but next morning, soon after breakfast, he appeared in the midst of the family circle; and she knew, by his joyous look of purpose, that any precautions she might have taken would now be too late. In vain did she try to fend off the dreaded explanation; in vain did she strive to surround herself with an impenetrable phalanx of cousins; and in vain did she seek out all manner of imaginary duties wherewith to occupy herself elsewhere. All her efforts to escape from the room were either innocently or maliciously frustrated; and, worst of all, her cousins were in unaccountably fugitive dispositions. At last she found herself alone with Baldur and Magdalen. She tried desperately to keep the little girl by her side as a protection, inventing one excuse after the other each time the child attempted to leave the room. She might just as well have saved herself the trouble, and she knew it all the time the struggle lasted. Baldur always went straight to his point, whatever it was; and now he interrupted Joan in the midst of her engrossing explanations about the construction of a certain fancy basket, and quietly told Magdalen to run away, as he had business with her cousin.

Then, in a few words, he told Joan of his love, the fervour and passion with which he spoke making the girl tremble in spite of herself. She never quite knew how she framed the words that dashed his hopes ; but, whatever they were, he understood them. Never would she forget the look of mingled anguish and reproach with which he received her stammering speech. Some few indignant words he uttered about the way in which she had led him on and deceived him ; but he cast them angrily from him, and begged her pardon for having said them. If he lost his reverence for Joan, he would that moment cease to love her.

But little more passed between them. Both were, in their different ways, too brave to waste in words their powers of endurance. Explanations might come later ; but now Baldur sat silent, beating and sweeping the floor with his stick with a fixed concentration of purpose ; and Joan sat by, silently miserable for him and for herself. At last he spoke, and his voice was strangely constrained and altered : " I suppose it is religion," he said ; and then, as her silence seemed to give consent to the suggestion, a light sprang into his eyes. " Is it that, only that ? " he cried, impetuously ; but he subdued himself and added : " But no, I will ask no more. It is enough ! " And then he stood up and straightened himself, and held out his hand, which she took. His hand was firm, but hers trembled as it lay within his, and perhaps he noticed it.

" Good-bye for to-day," he said ; " and if you do not think it necessary, perhaps we need say nothing about this madness of mine. You must help me through. I must stay here for my mother's sake, or I would gladly go away. Help me through with it." And in a moment he was gone, leaving her to realize what she had lost.

Baldur had determined not to flinch or waver under the blow he had received, and intended to appeal to his manhood to help him to face life bravely, just as if nothing had happened. He had his place in the ranks, and until he was mortally wounded he must, he said to himself, fill that place. Life had to be lived ; and what did the sufferings of the miserable individual signify, or how did they affect the point at issue ? Full of courage and self-confidence, he resolved to be very brave and strong in the future ; but for that one day he spared himself, and devoted it to arming himself for the coming fight.

He was away from home all day till late at night, and nobody knew where he went or how he spent it; perhaps he himself did not know. On looking back he knew that he had walked weary miles; and for part of the day he remembered being in a boat, bending his back to the oars, till land had disappeared from his sight, and nothing but the restless sea had surrounded him. When at last he returned home, he was so utterly weary and footsore that all mental suffering was for the moment conquered by the more apparent acuteness of the physical pain.

Next morning he arose bravely and faced his life; though indeed he looked more weary and worn than he had ever looked before. Partly for his mother's sake, and partly because it was a code of his never to lay down his arms as long as the power to fight was left to him, he put upon himself the impossible task of living to all appearances exactly as if the sun had not left his earth. He devoted himself as usual to his mother, humoured his father as bright as ever, and helped in the household arrangements without showing any signs of flagging. He came and went as before between Cliffe and Brookethorpe, and took part in the family life so gaily that none but Freda discovered that the light had gone out of his life. When necessary, and even when unnecessary, he addressed himself to Joan, with almost a fierce glance of appeal to her to help him and meet him half-way in his efforts. She did her best for his sake, and, being a woman, she managed to play her part more naturally than he did. Poor Baldur, he had always hated anything untrue, and loathed with his whole soul the lie which he was acting. It was in fact only a question of time when he would succumb under the strain which he had imposed upon himself.

One person was not deceived by anything that he chose to do. His loving little mother, commonplace though she might be, dwarfed in her intellectual faculties and unpractised in anything save the daily little routine of her life, knew perfectly well what had happened. The same spirit of intuition which had made her the first to divine her son's love for Joan, now left her no doubt that it was this same girl who had struck the blow under which he was staggering. She was not going to submit to such a thing! The girl, she said to herself, must have misunderstood him; and whose business could it be but his mother's to put things before her in their proper light?

If Joan could not come to her, she must go to Joan. It was true that for years she had not left her home to pay a visit such as the one she now contemplated ; but so bent was she on her mission, that it scarcely occurred to her to think how far she was about to depart from her usual habits.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. VENN and her daughters were out, and Joan was sitting in the garden, alone with a book, when a footman came out to her and announced that Mrs. Roy was in the drawing-room, having asked especially for her. Poor Joan had never contemplated the possibility of being entrapped into an interview with Baldur's mother, and her heart sank within her at the prospect, for she felt that she would far rather have braved her ogre of a husband in his den than be forced to enter into any explanation with this inoffensive, loving little woman. And harmless, indeed, she looked when, with her neat little figure, old-fashioned bonnet, and Cashmere shawl drawn very tightly round her, she trotted across the room to meet Joan as the girl entered from the garden, full of apologies for having kept her visitor waiting.

"Not at all, my dear, not at all," replied the old lady. "In fact you did me a kindness, and gave me time to think. I felt flurried when I came, but I don't now. Now, my dear, mind you, Baldur has told me nothing, not a single word ; but I know all about it in spite of that. You two have had a misunderstanding."

Joan asked herself anxiously what she should do or say ; for the secret was Baldur's.

"Now, don't you try to deceive me," Mrs. Roy went on, after having waited a few moments for an answer. "Do you think that I don't know how his dear heart has been set on you almost ever since the first day he set eyes on you ? So it is no use your telling stories to me. I know all about it ; and I know you have been teasing and tantalizing him by making him think you don't return his love. Now, let me tell you, my dear, that that kind of thing is a mistake ; and you won't make him like you one bit the better by doing it. Now I'm pleased that Baldur has fixed on you, for I like you ; though I am a foolish old woman, and think no girl quite good enough for

him. But I am pleased with his choice, I really am. So why not settle it off at once? His father will be quite willing."

"There is nothing between us," said Joan, cautiously.

"Now, don't you tell stories, Miss Joan; for I know better. Do you think I am too stupid to read my boy's heart, and not know as well as if he had told me that he has spoken to you of his love; and that you for some foolish whim are playing with him, and running the risk of breaking his heart. When I saw him with that miserable look on his dear face which I have never seen there before, I thought you might have been carrying your little game too far, and I said to myself that I must come and tell you that with a man like my Baldur, playing tricks of that sort is not safe. Forgive me, my dear, if I seem impertinent, but at one moment, just for one moment, I thought it possible that he had asked you to be his wife, and that you had said him nay. Forgive me, my dear, but I am so foolish about my boy that I sometimes lose my judgment."

"O Mrs. Roy, forgive me, but it is true," cried Joan.

"Do you mean to say in so many words that my son asked you to be his wedded wife, and that you refused him?"

"It is true," replied Joan. "You press me so hard that I have no choice but to speak the truth; and I think that he will forgive me for doing so."

Mrs. Roy rose from her chair, drew her shawl more tightly round her, and turned towards the door.

"I think I had better go, Miss Loraine," she said. "I came because I thought that perhaps in his bashfulness he had not made you rightly understand what he meant. I feel, oh, forgive me, my dear, I fear I am a revengeful old woman, but I feel as if I could not bear to be in the same room with you! And yet," she added suddenly, "what a selfish old creature I am! I came to see what I could do for my boy, and here I am, thinking more about my own angry feelings than about him."

So she sat down again, keeping herself, however, very upright, on the extreme edge of the chair, as she continued: "What could have induced you to do such a thing? Don't you know that you might travel the whole world twice over, and not find such another as Baldur? And yet he isn't good enough for you. O Lord!"

"He is too good for me," responded Joan, not knowing what to say. "I know I am not worthy of his love; but yet I cannot marry him."

"Merciful heavens!" cried the old lady. "Is the girl demented; or has she got another husband hidden away somewhere?"

Joan laughed nervously; and then gathering herself together, went on: "I like him, I esteem him, I admire him more than I can put into words; and if I could keep him as my friend I would give all I possess to do so. But, Mrs. Roy, indeed, indeed, oh, do understand me, I could not be his wife."

"Well," said her companion, "it passes me! And yet you don't seem over and above happy about it yourself. It is a queer world we live in!"

"I am a Catholic," began Joan, feeling that some further explanation must be given, "and ——"

"Oh, now I see; I think I understand now," cried the other, interrupting her hastily. "You don't think it right to marry a man who is not of the same religion as yourself—is that it? Oh, come now, I see you have a reason, or think you have. I am so glad I didn't let my angry feelings carry me away before we had finished our conversation. Let us talk it over, my dear, and we will soon put matters straight; for it isn't wrong to marry a Protestant, my dear."

"I scarcely know whether it would be wrong," replied Joan. "I haven't looked at it in that light yet. I only know that I could not do it; and that if anything or anybody were to overpersuade me into doing it, it would be the cruellest thing that could be done to me—and to him."

"Hoity-toity; you shouldn't have such fancies, my dear. I know that Baldur isn't a Roman Catholic, and couldn't become one, even for love of you; but what of that? He is a good man, and would make you a good, kind husband; and I feel sure you would soon get over your little differences. For after all, God Almighty made you both, and be sure that He does not see the difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics that you do!"

Joan felt too sad to be even inclined to smile at this new aspect of the situation; and Mrs. Roy went on:

"Baldur knows about your religion; and if he is willing to put up with it in you, why should not you do the same by him? Men and women do not look at those things in the same way. They are not meant to, my dear. We are smaller creatures, you know; and what seems very important to us is not so important to our husbands. Why, dear me, I have felt it about

hundreds of things in my own case. Religion is everything to a woman, especially before she marries; and I know that a great many girls think that they cannot say their prayers at all if they cannot say them in particular churches, and put themselves into particular positions. I know all about it, my dear; and while you have got nothing better to do, it is all very natural. But when a woman gets married, and children come, and her health gets poor, she puts her own fads at their proper valuation, and gets content to see things more as her husband sees them, and takes his views, and goes his way. I know all about it, my dear, for I have been through it all myself. When I was a girl, I loved services and hymns and what not, and when I married a man who—I mean no disrespect to him—but who never entered a place of worship from one year's end to the other, I felt it very much, and go to church I would, Sundays and saints' days. He never hindered me; and when the children came, I read the Bible with them, and made them say their prayers just as I had been taught to say them by my dear mother. But I could see that my husband didn't half like it, and by degrees I began to see that it is wiser for a woman to go her husband's way, and try to be a peacemaker in her home, instead of sowing discord. Dear me, I have almost forgotten the time when I had such strong opinions. I am happier by far as I am, and I am sure my husband is."

How was it possible for Joan to speak her real mind to this dear, stunted little lady? So she held her tongue, and Mrs. Roy, quite oblivious to the want of response on the part of her listener, rippled on, being almost amazed at her own eloquence.

"You make a great deal of your own way of thinking now, and think there is only one way of saying your prayers, and that you must have your Pope and your Virgin Mary, and all the rest of them. Well, have them, my dear, but don't expect your husband to want to have them too. I know my Baldur well enough to be quite sure that he would wish you to go your own way, and be religious in your own way. He wouldn't agree with you—how could he—but he would always be very indulgent to you, far more so than his father ever was to me. I am sure he would be most kind, and help you as much as his conscience allowed him. You need have no fear that he would raise any objection to your fasting on your Friday. I speak

knowingly, for we had an Irish maid-servant in the house who would not eat meat on Friday; and he always made the cook give her eggs or something. You would never find him prejudiced; and if he allowed any of these little indulgences to you, he would never break his word, never mind how inconvenient it might be to himself. He always keeps his word."

Baldur's mother paused for breath, and then went on: "And if the Almighty blessed you with children, you would, I feel sure, come to some agreement about them. Some perhaps would go with you, and some with their father; and it would all be very comfortable. Come, Miss Joan," she said at last, having exhausted all her arguments; "will you think better of it?"

"Mrs. Roy," replied the girl, firmly, "it would be of no use to tell you all my reasons; for they would only make you think me more wrong-headed and cruel. But I have my reasons; and I could not marry your son, even were he to make concessions to me about my religion that you know nothing about, and which I very much doubt his being willing to make."

Joan forced herself to speak thus explicitly for fear that the old lady in repeating, as she was sure to do, this conversation, or rather monologue, to Baldur, might convey to him a wrong impression of the reasons why she had refused to marry him.

"And yet," said Mrs. Roy, wistfully, "I am positively certain that you like him; and you could if you chose make him very happy. Perhaps when you have had your wilful fit out you will listen to reason. Anyhow, I shall tell him to try his luck again. Some girls," she added, persuasively, as she patted Joan's hand, "like to be asked twice, though I think it is very foolish. Now I must say good-bye, my dear, for I shall get a great scolding for being away so long." Truly thankful did Joan feel as she watched the little lady trotting briskly along on her way homeward.

Meanwhile Baldur had come to the unwilling conclusion that the task he had imposed on himself was beyond his strength; and he knew, on looking forward, that the life at home which he had set himself to lead must lead either to madness or to some rash act, for which he would never forgive himself. For the first time in his life he felt that he was losing control over himself; and in his emergency he sat down and wrote a letter to his sister, imploring her to come to his aid. There had

never existed any great love between him and Friga, for they were uncongenial spirits ; and the unselfishness being all on the brother's side and the selfishness on the sister's, the devotion which is so often the result when the case is reversed had not ensued. Still, even if they did not understand each other, they had always been good friends, and Baldur now felt sure that his appeal to her to come to his rescue and stay with his mother would not fall on deaf ears ; nor was his confidence misplaced. Friga was a young woman of energy and not in the habit of losing time ; and a telegram came to her brother, in answer to his letter, telling him to expect her on the following day ; and Baldur, with the hope of release before him, began once more to lift up his head.

When his mother faithfully related the events of her interview with Joan, he could not help smiling ; and she remarked that it was the first unforced smile which she had seen on his countenance for days. He knew that she had done no good to his cause by her intervention, though his knowledge of the two women assured him that his mother's simple pleading had done no harm. When she concluded by urging him to "ask her again," though he replied that he knew that no answer was to be obtained save that which he had already received, her suggestion put words to an imperative desire which had begun to possess him to have a fuller explanation with Joan before he turned his back on her for ever. He owed it to himself, and she owed it to him, that the question he had put to her—a question which involved the whole happiness of his life—should have a more complete answer. Yes, that much, without wishing to press her—or give her pain, he had a right to claim.

So, for one last time Baldur sought out Joan ; and, regardless of all appearances and conventionalities, singled her out from the midst of her family, and asked her to come with him into the park. No one was surprised by what he did, for as the weary days had been rolling on, there was something gathered in the air which had told each of her relatives that all was not well between those two. Come and go, according to his wont, as he might, and talk, chat, and make fun, it was nothing but valour thrown away. Even little Magdalen knew that Baldur was staggered under the effects of some terrible blow ; and one and all felt that the only reason for his ghastly resemblance to his old self lay in his undying courage.

When he asked her to go for a walk with him, Joan acceded to his request without hesitation, nay with alacrity. She also felt that this living for appearances was unbearable; and however much she might dread further explanations, she longed to be released from the promise of silence which he had imposed upon her.

CHAPTER XXII.

BALDUR and Joan walked along without exchanging a word until they reached the river side, and stopped by the tree with the natural seat overhanging the water where Swithin and his cousin had sat and talked but little more than a month before. She and her present companion had often met and talked there, and he deliberately chose this spot wherewith to stamp the memory of what he intended to be his last interview with Joan. Never, till the end of his life, would he listen to the sound of running water rippling over a pebbly course without recalling her every word and action on that occasion.

"I came to say good-bye," he said, standing by her side as she seated herself on the gnarled root.

"Good-bye?"

"Yes, it has come to that. I am, I know, a poor creature to knock under in this way; but the task I set myself is too hard. I cannot live here just now, and I must go."

"But your mother?" asked Joan, filled with dismay by this new development of the havoc she had caused.

"For my sake my mother will not mind it," he replied. "I have appealed to my sister Friga, who will come here for anyhow a while. I shall go early to-morrow, so as to catch the night mail across."

Joan was silent; for what right had she to speak? But her heart sank within her; for though she knew that her friendship was dead, its burial was a further parting.

"Before I go," he resumed in the same grave, lifeless voice in which he had spoken ever since the commencement of the interview, "I owe it to myself to know a little more, and perhaps to plead a little more; and you must bear with me if I cause you needless pain. By the time I come back I must have gained the complete mastery; and if I go away with even one glimmering spark of hope undestroyed, my courage will be undermined."

He paused, and then continued, calmly and mechanically stringing together words which he had pondered over and prepared beforehand: "You said the other day that you could not marry a man who was not a Roman Catholic. When you said that, I felt, and I still feel, that you said all. Were I a Catholic, perhaps your answer might have been different."

"I could not marry any one who is not a Catholic," she replied, evading any allusion to the inference drawn.

"Still," he resumed, as lifelessly as before, "I owe it to myself to remind you that there are many women who have married men who are not Catholics, and who are blameless in the eyes of your Church, which does not, as you know, consider such marriages sinful."

"I could not do it," she exclaimed, a little passionately.

"I have known cases where such marriages have been very happy," he continued, as calmly and mechanically as ever; for, hopeless as he knew the task to be, he had made up his mind exactly as to what he meant to lay before her.

"And," she retorted, "no doubt you have known of others which were not happy."

"True," said Baldur, his spirits bounding with an unreasonable feeling of hope caused by her consenting to argue the point. "True, but I think that in such cases the misery has been owing to some breach of plighted troth, which though not always visible has caused a moral severance. I know on what conditions only a marriage between a Catholic and a non-Catholic is allowed. I was, perhaps, mad, but I thought that once these conditions were agreed to, all obstacle was removed. I asked you, a Catholic, to be my wife because I had such faith in you, and because, even on conditions which I could not have sought out and which could not be naturally pleasing to me, life with you would be better for me and for my children after me than life without you. And you know me well enough to know that if once I made a promise of that sort to a woman whom I asked to confide her life and happiness to my keeping, no after-thought or scruple, no power on the earth or above the earth could make me break my promise."

"I know it," she quietly replied.

"And yet, this being understood, does it make no difference?" he asked, with an emotion that defied his powers of self-restraint.

Joan shook her head sadly, and he went on: "And do you

feel secure in standing thus alone, and in setting up your judgment above that of others who believe as you do, and who may be as wise as you, but who, without sin, consent to do what you consider wrong?"

"I will not say it is wrong," replied Joan, quickly. "I know that in itself it would not be a sin. I am acting as I do, because to act differently would be, not a sin, but impossible."

"But if not wrong, can my love count for nothing? I swear to you that the best, the purest, the most unmixed love which could exist in a man's heart would be yours. But there—you know that when I tell you that I love you, I keep back nothing that belongs to me. And does that weigh nothing against what I can but call a chimera?"

"Oh, how can I make you understand what I mean," cried poor Joan, "and why it is that were I to yield to you, it would be a cruel wrong both to you and to me."

"I would risk the wrong to myself," he said, wistfully.

"Stay," she went on, disregarding his remark, "I *must* make you understand." She paused, forcing herself to be calm and collect her thoughts; for she too had pondered over and prepared the words she should use if ever Baldur returned to the charge and asked for a fuller explanation of the reasons why she had refused him. "Let me see if I can explain it to you, and make you see why, from my point of view, marriage with any one, however good and noble, who yet lived his life without God, except as a theoretical possibility, would be impossible. As for me, I look on my life as this: I feel, or rather I know, that I am put into this world for a certain purpose, which is to reach God hereafter by serving Him here. Surely you must see that marriage with one whose purpose is quite different from mine would be so far from helping me to that end that I must regard life with him as impossible."

"You know that I cannot see God as a Person in the same way that you do, that is to say, as One who has definite views about us. I know, all the same, that I in my way am trying to attain to the same end as you; and I believe that He whom we both call God can be reached in many ways, and that, in spite of our variance, we could work together towards the same aim."

"But do not forget that I do believe in a personal God, who made me, keeps me, and cares for me, to whom I am responsible for every thought, word, and action of my life; and that, having

such a belief, it must of necessity be the key-note of my whole life, and the very breath which keeps me living."

He was silent, and after a pause, she continued: "As a means to a given end, marriage must mean a great deal. Don't forget that I regard it as a sacrament, or, in other words, as a means of grace; and how could it be that if man and wife do not worship the same God, walk hand in hand in His presence, and speak to Him in the same language; and who, if children are given to them, will not work *together* for their good, without either of them being actuated by a mere sense of generosity or honour towards the other, but acting, as I say, together. They must see with the same eyes, and know that the duty of each equally is to train their children for the God who gave them into their charge, seeing and knowing all the while that there is but one way of doing it. Why, you would be the first to cry out against the marriage of a woman whom you respected with a villain; and cannot you see that a man without faith, or with wrong faith, would be a still more impossible mate for her; and that the barrier which severed them would of its nature be more impassable than could be any impediment caused by law or crime?"

"No," said he, "I cannot see it. To believe might be a joy and repose, and might make dying easier; but to look on faith or unfaith as a determinate, inexorable matter of right or wrong, I cannot do; and you must not expect me to do it."

"If," she resumed, "nothing else were required, I should have thought that our conversation on the down the other day would have convinced you what an impassable chasm lies between us."

"And yet," he replied, parenthetically, "the chasm exists only in your imagination."

"If ever I marry at all," said Joan, pursuing the current of her own thoughts, "my husband must be a man who will help me to be what I was created to be; and I must be able to do the same by him. To be thus one before God, both must, as I said before, speak the same language. In health and happiness the difference might be—who knows—forgotten and ignored; but when sickness and death, and, still worse, when sin crept in, then indeed, to make life possible, we must be hand in hand before God! Such, if I ever have a husband, must he be to me on earth. What he would be in eternity is God's secret."

"You have formed your ideal," returned Baldur; "and such a married life as you describe may exist; but don't you know that ideals are seldom realized? It might very well be that the man to whom you were joined, though, in your words, he worshipped the same God as you, might in every other respect be possessed of qualities fit to drive you mad. He might weary you, fidget you, jar on you, and disappoint you in a dozen ways, and make your life a perfect burden to you—and yet be a Catholic."

"Yes," replied Joan, smiling involuntarily at the picture drawn; "it might be as you say, and doubtless there have been any number of such cases. I do not put my ideal high, for we are but human, and Heaven is not to be expected on earth. But what would any vexations or disillusionments such as you describe matter if they were all in the way of God's will? It would be the difference between Purgatory and Hell. It is the going against God's will, the ignoring it, the making one's life despite of it that would cause the suffering."

"Suffering?" repeated Baldur, catching at the word. "Is life then meant to be all happiness? Are all difficulties to be smoothed from our way?"

"I am not taking into account happiness or unhappiness, ease or difficulty. I am considering simply what we are meant to do with our lives; or, in other words, how we are to carry out God's will concerning us."

"Might it not—I speak your own language—might it not be God's will that you should help a poor wandering outsider like me, who yet would like to do his best?"

"Ah, now," she replied, eagerly, "I can speak more easily. Hitherto I have been pleading my own cause; but to plead yours is much easier. Could you, do you think, accept the position of a husband whose actions his wife would be in the habitual attitude of questioning, and of condemning in every matter of importance; of one to whom, in all the great emergencies of life she could not appeal except out of condescension or amiability, feeling bound to act in spite of his judgment, and often against it? Could you submit to being in the position of a man whose views of right and wrong must be pondered over, weighed and subjected to doubt before they could be accepted? Of a man who would see his sons and daughters as they grew up under his eye, putting, and being right in putting their own law before his, the first rudimentary

axiom of family life being that most likely their father was in the wrong! Could you bear to see your children growing up with the one wish that you should alter your most sacred opinions, and unsay all that you had spent your life in saying, and own that you had been in the wrong from the very beginning? Yet those would be your children, who ought from their babyhood to have taken their views of right and wrong from you, their father, and have grown up with an almost idolatrous belief in your infallibility! Could you be such a man as this? I know you couldn't!"

"I must say that your picture is not attractive," he said, though his eyes beamed in sympathy with the fervour of her words.

"Or," she continued, "would you have it just the other way? Could you bear to see your wife losing heart, fervour, and perchance faith, as the lonely years rolled on, she finding the uphill work of a life of variance too hard, and sinking both her individuality and her dearest convictions, in order to meet her husband as far as she could, and feed her hungry soul on at least a semblance of sympathy such as might be found on neutral ground? And would you wish your children, from mere love of you and dislike of discord, to grow up half-hearted, compromising followers of the Faith they had been taught to believe, ready on every occasion to plead the cause of what they know is not the truth, solely because it is the cause of the father whom they love, and against whom it is not fair to be always siding; thus giving up their most sacred opinions for fear of hurting your feelings, and in order to adjust their lives and faith to suit the dual life of their home?"

Baldur received this outburst in silence, and after a pause Joan continued, more quietly: "Could you have no pity for your wife, torn between the desire to make her children revere their father, and the dread lest they should be too much influenced by him? Picture her compelled by her circumstances to live alone and unaided through all the epochs of her children's lives; and still more alone, and even on the defensive, in those times of trial which come to all, when of all times she ought to have her husband by her side, sharing her burden, helping her not only with his human love, but standing with her before God, and, with her, gathering aid in His presence. Oh, why cannot you see that such a life would be impossible for both,

and that unless man or woman lost all individuality and sense of responsibility, life together must be one long torture."

She gazed at Baldur with distended pupils and throbbing pulses, nearly carried out of herself by the excitement of her own words.

"I see what you mean," he at last said slowly, in reply ; "and perhaps I understand more than I ever understood before the depths of the gulf which severs us ; though as for me I still think that in all cases where true love existed, these differences would prove to be visionary. No, I don't think I realized what a barrier stands between us, as looked at from your point of view ; though, as I see it, it is made of nought but mist and smoke. But I understand now that to you it is made of adamant indeed. But through all, and in spite of what you have said, I am unchanged. I, a man with more hope than what you would call faith, would take the risk with joy, trusting to the great Being who may be above us, to make things possible to those who are content to have trust, and not aspire to know more than they can know ; but I see that life with one such as I am, life without complete and literal agreement, would, as you put it, be a very torture to you. Who am I, to try to move what is not to be moved ? No words of mine would shake you ; and even if they would, after what you have said I would not say them. Well," he continued, wearily, for the struggle of the past week had worn him out ; "well, perhaps some day, in a higher state, if the grave does not end all, we shall see that we have been blind fools, and have sacrificed the joy of our little span of earthly life to a presumptuous conceit that we know more than it is given to us to know. I speak for myself as well as for you.

"Thank you for speaking as you have spoken. But few would have had the courage ; but it will make it easier for me to face my life and stamp this trouble down. When I have lived it down a little more, I think that what you have said to-day will come back to me and chide me for being still child enough to cry for the moon. And when you pray to your God, pray for me ; not that I may see things as you do, for that is not possible, but pray that a little refreshing dew from heaven may be allowed to fall on me to help me on my way. Good-bye."

He held out his hand, which she took.

"Go!" said she. "Go! and stamp it out. You are so brave that you will not let this mar your life. Indeed I am not worth it."

He said nothing, but gave a grave and weary smile.

"Oh, go," she repeated, "and God bless you."

So he went. Joan watched him as the distance widened between them; but he went straight on, and never turned to give himself the luxury of a last look.

And thus he passed from her life.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

An "Advocatus Diaboli."

PROUD as we rightly are of the strides made in our days towards securing a race of historians who shall write history as it should be written, and of readers trained to appreciate the result, there would not appear to be an instant prospect of any work, however excellent, effecting much change in men's minds with respect to subjects on which they are already made up ; which category embraces all subjects of importance.

At the beginning of the present year, the *Manchester Guardian*, a journal enjoying a character for the able reviews of books which it provides, had an appreciative notice of Dr. Janssen's great work, the *History of the German People*. The author was acknowledged to have done his business superlatively well, to have got together a mass of facts, and marshalled them in an interesting manner ; facts, it was added, which speak for themselves. He was commended as displaying "great learning and much ability," and the net result, it was said, would doubtless be to astonish many good folk who have formed their notions about Luther and his brother Reformers on less authentic information. More than this ; the Reformation itself was stigmatized as a "horrible and unseemly business," and its promoters as men "of gross and grievous faults." But what was the resulting moral ? That we should reconsider our judgment, and ask ourselves whether such a work, conducted by such men, looks like the work of God ? Not at all. The conclusion to which we are invited is, that it is well to have the work of the "Devil's Advocate" so well done.

That is to say, a history, confessedly of the first rank and bristling with new evidence, is to go for nothing in comparison with the conviction that the Catholic Church must be always in the wrong, and that whoever resists her is on the side of the Angels. Yet it is just the witness of History upon which the case against her is supposed to rest.

A "Semi-pagan Pope."

This prepossession, which those who entertain it most firmly would be genuinely shocked to hear called a prejudice, leads to the employment, when the Catholic Church is at the bar, of a mode of justice akin to that practised by Rhadamanthus. Of him it is recorded as noteworthy that he condemned culprits, and heard the evidence,—"*castigatque auditque*:"—in the cases of which we speak, it appears to be considered quite unnecessary to imitate him in the latter particular.

An instance in point is furnished by a journal, which is nothing if not judicial. In its issue of March 16th, the *Spectator* having occasion casually to mention Pope Nicholas V. must needs fling an epithet after him, "that learned, keen, semi-pagan occupant of the Papal throne." There will be those to whom such a description comes as somewhat of a surprise. They may remember the verdict of the *Biographie Universelle*, based upon that of Platina, that the dominant factor in the character of Nicholas was his *piety*. If, deeming that all men, even dead Popes, should be heard as well as judged, we desire fuller information, we have not far to go for it. Dr. Pastor in his great work, the *History of the Popes*, the authority of which is not to be lightly challenged, speaks thus of our "semi-pagan:"

In his great schemes for the promotion of art and science, Nicholas V. always had the welfare of the Church, whose head he was, before him as his first object. To exalt the mystical Bride of Christ by these means, was the chief aim of his Pontificate. All the magnificent works which he undertook were for her adornment, but this pious and cultivated Pope was not spared to see them completed.

Such in fact, as related by his contemporaries, was the purport of the protestation made by Nicholas himself on his deathbed. He solemnly called God to witness, that by external splendour, he had sought only to make the centre of Church government worthy of such a dignity in the eyes of men, and so to draw their minds to her. At the same time, he spoke of God's mercy as displayed in the Sacraments, and of his own hope of eternal life. Thus did the semi-pagan close his Pontificate. We know, likewise, in what spirit he commenced it. His old friend Vespasiano da Bisticci records what passed when he went to congratulate Nicholas on his elevation,—in concluding which familiar colloquy, the new Pontiff thus expressed himself:

"I pray God to give me grace that I may accomplish that which fills my soul; that is to say, that I may restore peace, and throughout my Pontificate use no other weapon save that one which Christ has given me for my defence, namely, His Holy Cross."

From all this it would appear that Nicholas was rather a peculiar specimen of a semi-pagan, and we may be tempted to enquire how he comes to be set down for a semi-pagan at all. Turning to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which by this time every one must be supposed to possess, we obtain some enlightenment. Art and learning, we are there told, were the Pope's serious business, and when Germany called for reformation, he offered her culture; as authority for which latter assertion the late Bishop Creighton is cited. To him, accordingly, we go, and would now seem to have tracked the stream to its source. "It was not exactly a Christian ideal," Dr. Creighton pronounces, "that Nicholas set before himself;" which is roughly equivalent to styling it "semi-pagan." Dr. Creighton also makes the observation, which we have heard, concerning Germany. But will it be believed that the historian who brings such a charge, says no word, does not even mention the name, of the mission of Cardinal Cusa, sent to Germany by Nicholas, expressly on an errand of reformation? Yet this was one of the most notable features not only of this Pontificate, but even of the Fifteenth Century. How seriously Cusa regarded his work, and how earnestly he set about it, what journeys he undertook, what enquiries he instituted to discover abuses, what Councils he convened, what regulations he promulgated for the clergy of every rank,—all this and much more is fully detailed by Dr. Pastor, not forgetting the evidence to show what spirit animated the Cardinal, who discarding all pomp and splendour, everywhere paid his first visit to the church, there to invoke God's blessing on the work he had to do, who made the religious instruction of the people his special care, and who, in particular, "kept his hands pure from all gifts." Altogether similar is the testimony of Dr. Janssen concerning this "giant of the Priesthood." "The ecclesiastical reform which, by commission of the Pope, Cusa instituted on German soil, was based entirely on the principle that we should purify and renovate, not beat down and demolish, that it is not man's place to transform what is God's, but rather himself to be transformed by it. Accordingly, above

and before all, he began the work of reform with himself. His life appeared to his intimates as the mirror of every Christian and priestly virtue. He preached to clergy and people alike, but what he preached he also practised, wherefore his example was even more potent than his utterances. Simple and unostentatious, indefatigably laborious, consoling and exhorting, a father to the poor, he traversed Germany from end to end for the space of a year; reforming ecclesiastical discipline, which had long fallen into lamentable disorder; advancing to the best of his power the education of clerics, and the religious instruction of the common people; fostering the office of preaching; assailing with strenuous and unwearied energy every grave abuse."

Such, then, was the manner in which the semi-pagan Pope met Germany's demand for reformation with an offer of culture. We may be led to recall the reflection of Sir Arthur Helps that there is something very grave in the thought of men having one day to meet those about whom they have written.

Medieval notions of Indulgences.

The subject of Indulgences, always full of perplexities for those outside the Church, has naturally attracted more attention than usual in connection with the Jubilee. Of those who have discussed the question in a serious spirit, which does not include all who have written upon it, even in Magazines of the highest class, a large proportion have fallen back on the position that, however the doctrine and practice of Catholics may appear now-a-days, there can be no doubt that of old things were quite different, and that the common folk universally believed they could be forgiven their sins on the score of such external acts alone as are attached to the gaining of Indulgences. Thus a recent, and by no means unfriendly review of Father Thurston's *Holy Year of Jubilee*, concludes by remarking that the Author "naturally lays more emphasis on the use which pious persons make of Indulgences than on the abuse to which history bears witness."

That there have been very grave abuses, there can be no doubt. The Fourth Council of Lateran (1215) speaks of such in the strongest terms. In particular, the frauds of collectors in connection with them opened the door to a flood of evils, which the Council of Trent, abolishing all such semblance of traffic,

stigmatized as having wrought most grievous harm. There *may* also have been, at certain times and in certain places, errors as to the true nature and scope of an Indulgence. But can it be said, as appears to be assumed, that these things were ever aught but the products of human selfishness and perversity cropping up, in spite of the Church, and her endeavours to eradicate them? Is there any sort of proof, that any but the right doctrine on the subject could ever pretend to have her sanction, or was even taught or tolerated on a large scale in any part of Christendom?

Assuredly, if in any region or at any period we might naturally seek evidence of such a perverted state of things, it would be in Germany during the half century preceding the appearance of Martin Luther. Luckily, concerning this period we have evidence in abundance. It was just then that the newly-invented printing-press first enabled men to let all the world know what was in their minds and hearts; and for no purpose did they make more immediate or more vigorous use of the new engine, than for the spreading broadcast of books of religious instruction, one following on the heels of another, in edition after edition. What was the character of the teaching thus sedulously disseminated?

On this subject, Dr. Janssen thus sums up his own conclusions:

From all the books intended expressly for the instruction of the people in general, we can easily see that children and adults alike were instructed in the highest truths needful for salvation, and conducted towards a truly Christian life. Of self-sufficiency in good works, erroneous worship of Saints, mistaken doctrine as to Indulgences, and the like, there is not a trace. It is true, that in the illustrations introduced in books of instruction and devotion, as also in German legends of the Saints, we constantly encounter an appetite for the marvellous, which frequently introduces what is childish and silly. But through such dross gleams unmistakably the gold of unshaken faith in a supreme, all-ruling, ever present Power, with fatherly care protecting the good, stimulating the wayward, crushing the wicked. And this love of the marvellous was not without its salutary influence upon the lives of thousands. "Thou need'st not believe all the marvels thou readest in pious books," is the warning of the *Guide for Souls* [*Seelenführer*]; "the miracles of Holy Scripture are true miracles, and there have been many true miracles since, which the blessed Saints worked through God's power, but understand that many are narrated only by way of examples, for the exaltation of God's might

and power, which worketh for the good of the righteous, but for the chastisement of the wicked."

As to the particular point with which we are now concerned, Dr. Janssen tells us some particulars concerning the instruction thus afforded :

An Indulgence [says Geiler, of Kaisersberg] is the remission of a debt. But what sort of debt? Not of mortal sin ; for to gain an Indulgence one must be free from mortal sin. Not of eternal punishment ; for in Hell there is no redemption. It is the debt of temporal punishment, which some have still to bear, even when, by contrition and penance, the eternal guilt has been forgiven. "Understand," says the *Guide for Souls*, "that an Indulgence does not remit sins, but only remits punishment which thou hast earned. Understand, that thou canst have no Indulgence whilst thou art in sin and hast not confessed, and truly repented, and heartily resolved to do better ; without this it avails thee nothing at all. God is gracious and merciful, and gives Holy Church power to absolve from sin, along with a great treasure of salvation, but not for men who are all on the outside, who think to acquire holiness by outward works." In the same strain are the instructions of the *Summa Joannis* (1482), which declares that only those gain an Indulgence who are truly repentant, for if a man be in mortal sin he cannot receive what is not meant for sinners. Also, that an Indulgence is not obtained at once by all, even of the truly contrite, but by whosoever applies himself thereto fervently and earnestly, making sacrifices according to his opportunities. In reply to those who speak of Indulgences as though forgiveness of sin were bartered for money, the *Explanation of the Articles of Faith* observes that we have to do with God's honour and praise, not with the scraping up of money. Moreover, not all gain an Indulgence who contribute to the building or support of a church, but such alone as are free from grievous sin, and give with true devotion, looking to the fellowship of the Saints in whose honour the church is built ; and, most especially, trusting in the gracious mercy of God.

Unless it can be shown that such samples do not fairly represent the tone of ancient teaching, we must hesitate before admitting that history bears very distinct witness to fundamental abuses prevailing of old in connection with Indulgences.

Reviews.

I.—A FAMOUS MOTHER FOUNDRESS.¹

MOTHER M. SALOME, of St. Mary's Convent, York, has been fortunate in the subject of her very attractive biography. There are many reasons which render Mary Ward's personality exceptionally interesting. Even if she had not been a woman of quite unusual sanctity, her strength of character, her breadth of view, the boldness of her conceptions, and her courage in encountering the opposition they provoked in high places, would suffice to make her remarkable among her contemporaries. And the effects of her work, direct and indirect, though all seemed to end in failure, have been proportionate to the anguish of the crucifixion which she was made to suffer. It was a wonderful thing that an English-woman, in almost the worst days of the Penal Laws, living among foreigners, should raise up an Order which spread throughout Germany and into Italy, and has now become known in almost every part of the world. But it is still more extraordinary that one seemingly so hampered should inaugurate a change in the Church's whole conception of religious life for women, which change in turn paved the way for that renewed vitality in the creation and development of new congregations of nuns which we believe to be the most important religious movement in the last two centuries. Mary Ward might truthfully be described as the Moses that brought her followers to the promised land. Like the great Lawgiver of Israel, she resigned her own life in the struggle with the forces that opposed her purpose, but the land was really won by her and those that come after have reaped the fruits.

It hardly needs saying that Mary Ward's life, whether we consider her as helping to reclaim the poor lapsed Catholics of London, or organizing her religious Sisters in Germany, or pleading their cause with the Pope in Rome, is full of incident.

¹ *Mary Ward, a Foundress of the Seventeenth Century.* By Mother M. Salome, of the Bar Convent, York. London : Burns and Oates, 1901.

Mother Salome has woven her narrative skilfully and has thrown into relief the human and deeply affectionate side of the character of the saintly Foundress. It was fitting that such an excellent presentment of the story should come from the pen of one of Mary Ward's own children. During more than a hundred years, from 1669 to 1790, the Sisters of her Institute of Mary at York and at Hammersmith were the only nuns established on the soil of England itself. Mary Ward has, therefore, a special claim on the love and the sympathy of all English readers. We may add that the book is greatly embellished by an admirable Preface from the pen of the Bishop of Newport, and by reproductions of a few of the fifty-two scenes in the "painted life" of Mary Ward which still exists at Augsburg.

2.—DOMINICAN SAINTS.¹

No monument could more strikingly attest the glories of the great Order of St. Dominic than a work which, confining itself to its Saints and *Beati*, finds fully a hundred to record, giving an interesting and edifying sketch of each. In his valuable Introduction, Father Procter most truly maintains that the making known of the Lives of the Saints is not only a branch of the Apostolate, but one usually more calculated to produce its effect than many others. In these matter-of-fact days, men care to know what others have done, rather than what they have said—the speeches of politicians always excepted—and in consequence, while it is hard to induce them to read the sermons even of the most eminent preachers of the past, there is an insatiable appetite for biographies. In the present instance, as he points out, all tastes should find what suits them, for in the multitude of saintly Dominicans are included representatives, not only of either sex, but of all sorts and conditions of men and women. Each reader therefore, whatever his calling, should find an example proper for himself, showing him that sanctity has been attained by one, at least, in a position similar to his own.

¹ *Short Lives of the Dominican Saints.* By a Sister of the Congregation of St. Catherine of Siena (Stone). Edited, with Introduction, by the Very Rev. Father Procter, S.T.L., Provincial of the English Dominicans. xxiii. and 352 pp. London: Kegan Paul, 1901. (7s. 6d.)

The work itself keeps this practical object ever in view, adding to each of its miniature portraits a short prayer pointing the special moral to be drawn.

3.—ST. NICHOLAS I.¹

The popular idea of Nicholas I. is that he was a man of ambitious character, intent only on increasing the power of his See, who did not shrink from fraud, the fraud of trying to palm off the False Decretals on the Church, in the furtherance of his unscrupulous design. M. Roy's *Life of St. Nicholas*, in M. Joly's series of Saints' lives, is not altogether satisfactory, but its readers will have the opportunity of seeing how very different was the true character of this Pontiff. That he was a man of great personal humility appears not only from his endeavours to avoid the Papal dignity when it was laid upon his unwilling shoulders, but from many passages in his numerous letters. He was, however, a man who realized the responsibility attaching to his great office and was determined to be faithful in its discharge. No respectable authority now-a-days supposes that he had anything to do with the manufacture of the False Decretals, or would have tolerated them had he been aware of their spuriousness. It is not even certain that he knew of their existence, and M. Roy has an Appendix, in which he shows that Nicholas never used them, and that the single passage in one of his letters in which he appears to refer to them, can be otherwise explained. But however that may be, circumstances often required him to assert the prerogative of his See, and he asserted it with the same fulness, and on the basis of the same arguments, as a modern Pope would do. And when he thus asserted it, it was always in view of an exercise of Pontifical power for the vindication of right and justice against some powerful assailant.

He was indeed absolutely fearless when a wrong needed righting, as the three principal incidents of his administration bear witness. In his conflict with King Lothaire, who wished to divorce his lawful wife and marry another, he had to deal with just such another scandal in high places as that of

¹ *St. Nicholas I.* By Jules Roy. Translated by Margaret Maitland. London: Duckworth.

Henry VIII. and his Queen Catherine. Theutberga was not supported by powerful relations like Catherine, but Nicholas stood by her, even when she herself was prepared to yield, and finally he triumphed. In his conflict with Hincmar, the Archbishop of Rheims, he was again on the side of outraged weakness. It had been the interest of sovereigns to exalt the power of the metropolitans and proportionately to diminish that of suffragans, as they were thus the better able, through the few metropolitans who were their own creatures, to impose their unrighteous will on the ministers of the Church. In this way a claim was set up for the metropolitans to judge the causes of their suffragans, and even to punish them by deposition. Such a power had been used by Hincmar to depose Rothade, Bishop of Soissons, who belonged to a party in disfavour. Nicholas, on hearing what had been done, did not hesitate to annul the sentence, as contrary to the laws of the Church, which treated the causes of Bishops as greater causes, and reserved them to the judgment of the Holy See. Eventually, having examined into his case, he caused Rothade to be reinstated. The other case of Pope Nicholas's intervention in the cause of justice, was in behalf of Ignatius, the Bishop of Constantinople, who had been deposed by a palace intrigue, the crafty Photius being substituted in his place. The Pontiff's action was not so successful in this instance as in the others, though the usurper was displaced in the next Pontificate, and the separation of East from West delayed for another century. But the letters of Nicholas to the Eastern Emperor are a splendid specimen of faithful administration.

We have remarked that M. Roy's treatment of his subject is not altogether satisfactory. Though he has the best of wills, he is insufficiently acquainted with the technicalities of theology and canon law, whereas without a correct knowledge of these it is impossible sometimes to appreciate correctly the significance of documents. An instance of what we refer to may be found on pp. 150—152, where, having contended that St. Nicholas considered himself endowed with the supreme rule over men's bodies as well as their souls throughout the world, he comes across a letter of the Pontiff's which seems to him to leave "a different impression on the mind," and he tells us that "though (Nicholas) never of course went to the length of anticipating what we talk of now as the separation of Church and State, he

seems at least at one time to have entertained ideas of a somewhat kindred nature." He then quotes a passage in which St. Nicholas insists that "it has been the will of the same Mediator between God and men . . . to separate the offices of the two powers by acts appropriated to each, distinct dignities for each . . . (and that) this is why the Christian Emperors need Pontiffs in order that they may obtain eternal life, and Pontiffs in their turn—but in the conduct of temporal affairs only—need to have recourse to the Imperial laws." There is nothing remarkable or peculiar to St. Nicholas in this which is the conception of the relation of the two powers which the Popes have invariably held and expressed. Nor is it noteworthy that, in the mind of this Pope, "the mutual relations (as regards the limits of their respective jurisdictions) are still on as indefinite a footing as in Charlemagne's time." In the abstract the limits between the two powers have all along been sharply determined; to the Pope belongs what is of the spiritual order, to the Emperor what is of the temporal order; but in the application to the concrete the two territories may be found to overlap—as in the case of marriage, which as a sacrament is of the spiritual order, but as a contract affects also many interests of the purely temporal order. In cases such as these the Church's doctrine has ever been that, whilst the two powers will do well to come to an arrangement as satisfactory as possible to the requirements of either side, if that should prove impossible, the spiritual interests must be allowed to prevail as being the more important. Another case in which the author misses the significance of the Pontiff's letters, through an insufficient acquaintance with canon law, is in regard to what on page 121 he calls Nicholas's "legislative measures on marriage." The prescriptions adduced are merely points in the marriage law of the Church, much older than Pope Nicholas, who only expounds and enforces them as occasion requires, according to the invariable custom of the Roman Pontiffs. Then again on page 122 he tells us that "such was (the Pontiff's) respect for the indissolubility of the marriage bond, that even in cases where some invalidating impediment was discovered subsequently, he would not permit marriage to be dissolved." It would indeed have been strange if Nicholas had acted thus, but the references the author gives show that the case was of a parent acting as sponsor, in Baptism or Confirmation, to his own step-child. According to the Church's invariable law, such

an act would have set up spiritual relationship between the god-parent and the child's natural parent, and hence if it had occurred before the marriage of these two it would have invalidated it. But the marriage having already been validly contracted, nothing subsequent could dissolve it. The only question could be whether in view of the violation of the Church law forbidding such sponsorship the married couple could continue to exercise their marriage rights, and this is the point with which the Rescript deals.

4.—THE DIVINE PLAN OF THE CHURCH.¹

Father MacLaughlin's previous book bore the attractive title, *Is one Religion as good as Another?* The title of his new work, *The Divine Plan of the Church*, will not appeal to so many readers, but it is a painstaking endeavour to work out a very forcible argument. The popular doctrine now-a-days is that which treats variations of belief as an inevitable outcome of human nature, and holds that the best sort of Church is one which allows its members a considerable latitude of religious opinion, and even of rites and ceremonies. Thus the present Bishop of Winchester, in a passage quoted by Father MacLaughlin, says: "A considerable body of the controversialists are men who, consciously or not, do genuinely dislike at heart the comprehensiveness which has become, with quietly increasing purpose, satisfaction, and gain, a distinctive characteristic of our National Church;" and, again, "A thousand times rather would we have our present varied, eager, buoyant life, with all its risks, than fall back upon the flat, monotonous orthodoxy—if orthodoxy indeed it was—to which our grandfathers were accustomed." This position is, as the Bishop says, new even among English Protestants, and has come into favour with them gradually; he might have added that they have been forced into it by the gradual discovery that on no other principles could a non-Catholic communion hold together, at least in these latter days when thought is active. If, too, it be the fact that no revelation has been imparted to the human race, and nothing is left to us but to make guesses at religious truth to the best of our abilities, then it must be owned that this system of comprehensive Churches is the most appropriate.

¹ *The Divine Plan of the Church: where realized and where not.* By the Rev. John MacLaughlin. London: Burns and Oates.

It is, however, still assumed by most Englishmen who call themselves Christian that the Christian religion is a Revealed Religion, and, at all events, it is to such persons that Father MacLaughlin appeals when he invites them to examine with him whether the system of comprehensive Churches, or any system, save that of one sole infallible and indefectible Church which lays the greatest stress on unity of belief, can be accepted as really in harmony with the terms of our Lord's institution.

He starts from the solemn words in which our Lord declared "that for this was (He) born, and for this came (He) into the world, that He might give testimony to the truth." Words like these imply that the truth in question was objective and not mere variable opinion, and that it was, in His estimation, of immense importance for the salvation of the human race that it should apprehend it correctly. Before ascending to Heaven, He said to the Apostles who were to carry on His work: "As My Father has sent Me, even so send I you," words which can only mean that they likewise were sent out into the world to bear testimony to the truth deemed to be of such importance. Inasmuch, too, as this truth, if so important for the Apostolic age, must have been of equal importance for the succeeding generations, the commission given to the Apostles must have been intended to pass on from them to their successors. Father MacLaughlin then falls back on the plan for the continuance of this His work of rendering testimony, which our Lord must have formed in His mind. He was God, and, as such, infinite in foresight and power of accomplishment, and so must have taken into account the conditions of every age, and therefore of those in which we are now living. We cannot suppose that He contemplated permitting His work to fail. Can we then suppose that, foreseeing it, He viewed with approval this system of comprehensive Churches, which proceeds on the assumption that He left behind Him no definite body of truth to be carefully guarded, but only some vague phrases which different minds could not fail to interpret in different ways? Must we not, on the contrary, suppose that He left behind Him a Church speaking with a confident and authoritative voice, insisting on the vital importance of her message, and on obedience to it as the only sure way of salvation?

This is in outline the thesis which the author develops with much ability. That his style is over-diffuse, he owns himself, but pleads that it was desirable in view of the class

for whom he was writing, a class which misses many of the points when the exposition is too condensed. Probably the chief criticism he will receive is that he has constructed just one of those elaborate *a priori* arguments which modern taste has learnt to distrust. To this he may, however, reply that the modern prejudice against *a priori* arguments is excessive, and that an *a priori* argument is particularly in place when it reaches a conclusion in full unity with a vast living institution having a wealth of positive evidence to which also it can appeal.

In a second part the author applies his principles to the Anglican Church. Here, too, he has some telling points, and the general drift of his argument is sound. But he does not appear sufficiently acquainted with the *minutiæ* of the Anglican controversy to put his points with the needful effectiveness. Thus there is no great use in citing the opinion of writers like Froude or Green, or still less Macaulay, for pronouncements on questions which are highly technical, and which they did not understand. Sir William Harcourt, too, is in error in his contention that the Royal Supremacy meant from the first that the National Will, which he takes to mean that of the laity, was intended to be supreme over the ecclesiastics. The Tudor Sovereigns cared little about lay opinions, or the National Will. They meant to rule their Church themselves, and Parliament was merely a useful occasional instrument in their hands for the purpose. It must again be borne in mind that royal interferences with freedom of election and other ecclesiastical acts, accompanied by threats which it was not easy to disregard, are often to be met with in the case of Catholic sovereigns and ecclesiastics. "If you do not acknowledge in your own case that the interference is a conclusive evidence of Erastianism," an Anglican would say, "neither should you claim that it is so in our case." And he would say that if a royal candidate should ever be really deemed inadmissible by the chapter to whom a *cong   d'  lire* had been addressed, their invocation of the Holy Ghost is to give them strength to resist the Royal Mandate at all costs. We do not, however, by these criticisms mean to deny that the Sovereign has been accepted by the Anglican Church as its sole ultimate fountain of jurisdiction: only that the proofs need more careful wording.

5.—THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.¹

There is an unmistakable charm of gentle and sympathetic piety running through this volume of contemplations upon the Holy Name of Jesus. The Very Reverend author, who is Provincial of the Franciscans of the Observance in England, has learnt from the sweet Saint of Assisi the secret of that poetic feeling clothing simple thought, which makes such teaching go straight to the heart of learned and unlearned alike. In the preliminary chapter, which sketches rapidly the history of the devotion to the Holy Name, Father Peter Baptist very pardonably lays stress upon the great influence exerted by St. Francis himself, and especially by St. Bernardine of Siena, in making it familiar to the people. We are inclined to think that it was, perhaps, more widely spread from an early date amongst other Religious Orders, say, for instance, among the Dominicans, as seen in the lives of St. Margaret of Hungary and Blessed Henry Suso, than has been commonly supposed, but there can be no question that St. Bernardine did most to popularize it. In conclusion, we may venture to suggest that many of Father Peter's English friends would probably be glad to have a good translation of his most edifying book into their own mother tongue.

6.—IN THE BEGINNING.²

M. Guibert, of the Society of St. Sulpice, who is now Superior of the Institut Catholique at Paris, was formerly a Professor of Natural Science in the Seminary at Issy, and then felt the need which other Professors have felt, of a suitable book for introducing the young clerics to a sufficient knowledge of the scientific facts and theories in regard to which Science and Revelation are alleged to be in conflict. *Les Origines* is the result of his endeavour to supply the deficiency. It has been before the French public for some years, and has been so favourably received, that it seemed worth while to make an English translation. It is this which now appears under the title of *In the Beginning*. The book contains seven chapters—on the Origin of the Universe, which considers the bearing of geological

¹ *Le Saint Nom de Jésus, Foyer de Lumière.* Par le R. P. Pierre Baptiste, O.F.M. Paris: Vic et Amat, 1901.

² *In the Beginning.* By J. Guibert, S.S. Translated from the French by G. S. Whitmarsh. London: Kegan Paul, 1900.

facts on the interpretation of the Biblical Cosmogony; on the Origin of Life, which examines the arguments for and against the theory of Spontaneous Generation; on the Origin of Species, which discusses the theory of Evolution; on the Origin of Man, which discusses the question whether the scientific arguments for Evolution include Man within their scope; on the Unity of the Human Race; on its Antiquity; and finally on the important question whether the modern savage is an instance of arrested development, or of degradation from a previous state of civilization.

M. Guibert is very modest in his Preface, deprecating the notion that he has attempted a scientific work, or done more than set down as accurately as possible the salient points of his subject. More of course could not reasonably be required of him, for the young cleric cannot be expected to imbibe more than the elements of this, as well as the other branches of his study; it is enough to introduce him to their treasures and awaken his interest, in the hopes that he will perfect his knowledge afterwards according to his opportunities. Still the present volume is not wholly elementary, for M. Guibert is able and anxious to supply his readers with the materials for a judgment on the vital question whether the teaching of the Bible has really been discredited by the discoveries of science.

M. Guibert has laid down for himself three rules—to explain systems honestly, to maintain firmly what is well established, and to leave open those questions which have not yet been satisfactorily solved. These are the true rules to observe, and he has followed them loyally; nor is it his spirit only which is worthy of commendation, for he exhibits throughout a soundness of judgment which inspires confidence, and yet has no difficulty in showing that, if only we keep free from the opposite extremes of embracing certain modern theories which though popular are ill-founded, or clinging to traditional notions which are no longer tenable but are no part of the Catholic faith, there is nothing in the present situation to justify the notion that Faith and Science are incompatible.

As regards M. Guibert's conclusions, we may advert to one or two points. He seems to regard the interpretation of the Bible Cosmogony as one of the questions which must be set down as so far insoluble, and we agree with him. The literal interpretation is of course impossible, and if the Concordist is too artificial to be credible, neither has the Idealist, or the

Revelationist, as yet assumed a form in clear harmony with the Sacred Text.

On the Origin of Species, M. Guibert is against Darwinism, or the theory of Natural Selection, but inclines very decidedly towards some theory of what he calls "restricted and spiritualistic Evolution"—restricted, because it does not claim to apply to man or to the origin of life, spiritualistic, and not purely materialistic, because it recognizes the action of spiritual as well as material forces, that is, of the soul and other innate principles of life. Certainly, Evolution thus expounded is open to no theological objections, at all events if, as M. Guibert inclines to hold, it allows of a multiplicity of original germs and not of one only; and certainly such a theory suffices to account for whatever evolutionary data have in any sense held their ground. Whether even this much is really required by the observed facts, or is what they point to, is another question. There is a persuasiveness about the arguments on which the Evolutionists rely, especially about those from Rudimentary Organs, Geographical Distribution, and Embryology; but they cannot be called conclusive merely because it is not so easy to formulate an alternative to them on the Creationist theory. On the other hand, it is becoming increasingly clear that the trend of the Palæontological facts is adverse to Evolution. We notice that on p. 116, M. Guibert accepts the *Plihippus*, *Protohippus*, &c., as the probable ancestors of the modern horse; but it is, we believe, now recognized that this series, formed out of fossil animals, some of which had their *habitat* in the New World, some in the Old, cannot possibly have been the ancestors of our European horse; and even if it could have been, it would create a difficulty for the theory of Evolution rather than a support to it, as requiring us to refer the vastly longer series of previous ancestors, from some primitive germ up to the group of Ungulates—and likewise by parity of reasoning the ancestors of every other group of Mammalia—back to those primary and secondary strata of which the characteristic is that they exhibit no Mammalian fossils whatever. And, even if we meet this difficulty by the unsatisfactory suggestion that the Mammalian fossils of those periods have not survived the violent cataclysms in which they were involved (which, by-the-by, were survived by other fossils), the gradual and successive appearances of so many new forms of animal and plant life during the Tertiary age, without an

assignable ancestry in the immediately preceding strata, still remain to bear an adverse testimony. At present the *argumentum ad verecundiam* exercises too biasing an influence over minds; but difficulties such as those indicated suggest that in the near future the belief in Evolution itself may wane as much as the belief in Darwinism has already done.

As regards the translation, it is a pity that so useful a work should be marred by so many and such serious misrenderings, often making it hard to catch the author's sense without a comparison with the original text. Thus we have "dogmatic science" (p. 377) as a rendering of *la science positive*; "Spiritualized Evolution" (p. 145) for *Evolution spiritualiste*; "the abysmal species among animals" (p. 104) for *des espèces abyssales*; "the breeder . . . is replaced in nature by the struggle for existence which preserves the fittest, and by the cataclysms which separate them" (p. 153) for *par les cataclysmes qui empêchent le mélange des variétés en les séparant*; "the modern tendency towards unbelief propagated by a press which is much estranged from science" (p. 138) for *courant . . . propagé par une presse très étrangère à la science*; "why should this clear insight . . . fail just at this point and discover only an abstraction when the organizer is the Supreme Being" (p. 143) for *ce coup d'œil si sûr . . . pourquoi en fait on abstraction lorsqu'on craint que l'ordonnateur ne soit l'Être Suprême?* Such blunders mean that the translator has not realized the impossibility of translating without first understanding. Another unaccountable defect in the translation is that it leaves untranslated the great mass of the notes, and yet does not follow a constant rule even in this. As regards get-up the volume is very satisfactory, and there are some most helpful illustrations. Why, however, is there no Index?

7.—A THEORY OF BEAUTY.¹

"Æstheticism," so called, that fad or fashion of twenty years ago, which was after all no better than a kind of refined and self-righteous hedonism or sensualism, deservedly has a bad name among us, so bad indeed that one feels ashamed that such a graceless form of hypocrisy and humbug should ever have developed itself on English soil. But *corruptio optimi pessima* is an old proverb; and a sham æstheticism could never have

¹ *Esthétique Fondamentale*. Par Ch. Lacouture, S.J. Paris: V. Retaux.

found favour had there not been some genuine need of the human mind which it professed to satisfy, a real problem of which there must needs be some true solution.

From the earliest times men have set themselves the question, what is beauty; or, if the English term should seem to carry too exclusively sensuous a connotation, what is τὸ καλόν, *le beau*? How various, how vague sometimes, how discordant among themselves, are the definitions which have been proposed by way of reply to this question, the reader may learn from Père Lacouture's pages. Nor are we quite sure that the author's own definition, *la splendeur de l'ordre*, is altogether satisfactory. To say the truth, it has long been our own view that a definition of beauty is impossible, unthinkable, and that to demand such a definition is to show that a misapprehension of the nature of the problem exists. The fundamental facts, we take it, are these. Certain sensations are in various degrees pleasant; and an object which has the qualities which produce such sensations, possesses at least, in a rudimentary form, the kind of beauty which the particular sense to which it appeals is capable of apprehending or experiencing. True, we do not, except in vulgar parlance, speak of a beautiful odour, a beautiful flavour, a "beautifully" soft chair; but the mere fact that the vulgar do so speak betrays the fact that there is an element which the flavour, the odour, the tactile quality of softness, have, in common with colours and sounds that are in educated speech called beautiful. And that common element is precisely the one with which the idea of rudimentary sensuous beauty (in the case of the higher senses) is connected; and so the vulgar use of the terms beauty and beautiful is philosophically more correct, and the distinction which a more refined speech draws in the matter is rather conventional than radical.

When, then, Père Lacouture writes (p. 221): "Concluons-le donc avec l'expérience et le sentiment universel, des cinq sens donnés à l'homme, il n'y en a que deux qui aient une rôle esthétique, la vue et l'ouïe seules capables de faire naître en nous l'impression du beau," he is, we venture to think, settling a point of terminology rather than enunciating a philosophically sound principle. Nor can we agree with him when he goes on to say:

Un accord musical chatouille agréablement et diame l'oreille; l'harmonie de deux couleurs repose délicieusement les yeux, nous ne le nions pas; mais cette sensation de plaisir n'est pas encore la jouissance esthétique, bien qu'elle puisse en être le prélude. (p. 222.)

"This pleasurable sensation" *is*, we feel assured, the perception of beauty, though in a rudimentary form, and in a low degree, so far as beauty is capable of being perceived by the senses. In any theory of beauty, as it seems to us, account must be taken of the fundamental fact that the lowest and simplest element of sensuous beauty is neither more nor less than the capacity for causing pleasurable sensation. And this is so, even if, for the sake of argument, we confine the term beautiful to objects which stand in relation to the "perceptive" or higher senses of sight and hearing. But now, experience shows that pleasure is caused not merely by simple sense perceptions, as of a single colour or of a musical note (which, if unvaried and continued, soon ceases to give pleasure), but in a much higher degree by the perception of colours and sounds in combination or in succession, and likewise—in relation to the sense of sight—by certain forms, whether simple or complex. Further reflection leads us to see that the intellectual perception of order and harmony, whether in the domain of abstract truth or in that of moral character and conduct, afford a certain pleasure, the pleasure of admiration, to which the sensuous pleasure aforesaid is, in some indefinable way, analogous.

Both kinds of pleasure may be, of course, and often are combined; and their multifarious combinations make up our very complex æsthetic perceptions as they actually exist, and form no small portion of our conscious lives. Moreover, when by scientific processes we come to examine into the physical properties which answer, singly or in combination, to pleasurable sensations, we find that those sensible qualities involve a certain order and rhythm, the perception of which affords intellectual pleasure. The sensation of a pure colour answers to a certain set of uniform vibrations in what, for want of a better name, we call the ether. If the regularity of the vibrations be disturbed the colour becomes blurred. So, too, musical sounds which the ear pronounces to be in harmony are found to have for their objective counterpart vibrations whose length and rapidity bear to one another certain simple numerical proportions, the apprehension of which affords to the mind a certain pleasurable satisfaction. And something of the same sort is true *mutatis mutandis* of colours which a refined taste declares to be in harmony. But it is to be observed that mankind had not to wait for the development of the science of acoustics before they could tell that C E G C¹ formed a pleasing chord, the common

chord in the diatonic scale. It is not the conclusion of an *à priori* speculation, but a result of inductive research, that as intellectual satisfaction is analogous to the pleasure derivable through the perceptive senses, so there is a corresponding analogy between those objects of intellectual apprehension which cause the higher pleasure and those material conditions which are the physical basis of the lower. A theory of beauty then, is, if we rightly understand the matter, nothing more than the counterpart of a theory of pleasure or "satisfaction" in its various kinds. And the reason why no abstract definition of beauty is possible, is simply this, that in accordance with the convention above referred to, we do not make beauty in the object co-extensive with pleasure in the subject, but exclude whole classes of pleasures from consideration.

And now we have spent nearly all our available space in talking about a definition which (in our opinion) cannot be given. But with this difference—which after all is of no great practical importance—in our point of view, we very cordially welcome Père Lacouture's *Esthétique Fondamentale*. The titles of the chapters which make up the third book will give some idea of the solemn and sublime matters with which he deals. They run thus :

(1) La Beauté absolue est en Dieu. (2) Dans le beau relatif il y a une gradation définie. (3) Le beau intelligible est supérieur au beau sensible. (4) Le beau moral est supérieur au beau intelligible. (5) La beauté est croissante du minéral à l'homme. (6) La beauté du chrétien et surtout du saint est supérieure à toute beauté naturelle ou artistique. (7) La beauté de la B. V. Marie est grandement supérieure à celle de tous les saints. (8) La beauté de N. S. Jésus Christ l'emporte immensément sur toute beauté créée.

We should add that in Book V. ch. vi. the author lays down a "psychological law" which comes very near to what we have said above, viz., "Tout ce qui dans un objet nuit à la jouissance du spectateur, nuit en même temps à la beauté de l'objet." And in conclusion we would recommend the book most especially to the attention of those who might be tempted to take up the cry of "Art for Art's Sake." Those who are interested, whether practically or critically, in artistic matters will find some useful reading in the Appendix, entitled "Quelques mots à l'adresse des artistes."

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE receive from Mr. Washbourne *The King's Secret, a College Drama*, by Rev. T. P. Skuse, which, as the author tells us, is adapted from a story which appeared some years ago in the *South African Catholic Magazine*, the scene being partly laid in the Rand. The story told is in the highest degree edifying, and the little drama is well fitted to arouse the better feelings of a popular audience. Two features, however, seem to make it doubtful whether it is altogether suited for the stage. Firstly, the *Dramatis Personæ* are more largely clerical than seems quite desirable; secondly, some of the characters, not the same, indulge in very strong language when excited. The price is 1s.

We greatly regret that in our last issue two typographical errors were erroneously attributed to Mr. Washbourne's *Corpus Domini*, over and above that which was intended; our press-reader having misread the copy and misinterpreted the intention of the critic. It must be added that the said error having now been removed, the little volume may be recommended without any qualification.

Lady Amabel Kerr's *Before our Lord came* should require no recommendation, being admirable alike in its aim, and in fulfilment of the same. Should, however, anything be needed to enhance its intrinsic merits, this is abundantly supplied in the beautiful edition recently issued at sixpence, by the Catholic Truth Society, wherein are to be found not only good print and paper, to which the Society has accustomed us, but twelve full-page illustrations of a high class, most of which, if not all, will be easily understood of those for whom they are chiefly intended.

Thesaurus Philosophiæ Thomisticae (Lanoe Mazeau, Nancy) is by M. Bulliat, of the Society of St. Sulpice. It is a selection of passages taken from the works of St. Thomas, which are arranged according to the order of subjects common in modern manuals. The little volume is skilfully put together, and will be welcomed by professors wishing to use St. Thomas as a text-book. Its special value is that by bringing together various passages bearing on the same points it is an additional help to understand the Saint's meaning.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. 1901. 2.

Albert the Great. *E. Michael.* The Early History of Lutheranism in Bohemia. *A. Kröss.* The Alleged Laxity of Duns Scotus in the Matter of Repentance. *P. Minges.* On the Repetition of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. *F. Schmid.* Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. 1901. 2.

Cardinal Matthew d'Albano. *Dom U. Berlière.* How Christianity was regarded in the Roman Empire. *H. Leclercq.* Unprinted Constitutions of Pope Gregory VII. for the Canons Regular. *Dom G. Morin.* Musical System of the Greek Church. *Dom H. Gaisser.* Record of Benedictine Publications, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (April.)

Toleration in Church Music. The Fair Wage according to the teaching of St. Thomas. *Dr. K. Hilgenreiner.* Bishop von Ketteler and Count Paul von Hoensbroech. *Dr. Bendix.* Rome in the Second Half of the Jubilee Year. *Dr. A. Bellesheim.* The Mass of the Presanctified. *Raible.* Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (April.)

The Abbé de la Salle and the Brothers of the Christian Schools. *Ch. Woeste.* Belgium and its International Obligations. *A. Delbeke.* Janina and Epirus. *Baron de Borchgrave.* Insurance against Stoppage of Work. *E. de Ghélin.*

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (April 6 and 20.)

The Centenary of Gioberti. Divorce in Italy. Chapters on Christian and Patristic Literature. Modern English Fiction. Nankin and the "Open Door." Reviews, &c.

LES ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (April 5 and 20.)

Mysticism in Art. *H. Bremond.* Bonald in his Correspondence. *H. Chérot.* Spirit Photographs. *L. Roure.* Napoleon and the Religious Congregations. *P. Dudon.* Respect for the French Tongue in the Seventeenth Century. *V. Delaporte.* A Conversion Frustrated—John Keble. *H. Bremond.* Official Text of the Associations Law, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (April 15.)

Guerilla Warfare. *F. Gairal.* Tints and Outlines of Umbria. *Abbé Delfour.* Royal Progresses. *C. Bader.* Victor Hugo as a Student of Landscape. *L. Aguetant.* Reviews, &c.

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